

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## •THE+FRONT+PAGE•

M R. T. W. CROTHERS of St. Thomas and Mr. John A. Cooper of Toronto were appointed a commission by the Ontario Government to enquire into the school-book question—the contracts, the cost of printing the quality of the text-books, past transactions and future possibilities. The enquiry was a necessity, and the two men performed their work well. Mr. Crothers, on receiving a cheque for \$2,000 from the Government for his services, sent it back and asked the Government to reimburse him only for the money he had expended—something less than \$200.

Was this a public-spirited act on Mr. Crothers' part? Did he do the right thing? Is he entitled to the admiration of the public?

Mr. Crothers is a lawyer by profession, which makes his action all the more mysterious. Reams of paper and pails of ink are consumed annually in discussing the question as to whether a lawyer is exempt from all those responsibilities of citizenship that rest on his neighbor. We see the lawyer sell his skill and influence to any man who seeks to get an unfair hold on the municipality, the province or the nation. His defense is that being retained professionally he is not acting for himself but for his client. It is, he says, his duty. After using his skill for years against the people at large, a lawyer will ask the people to choose him as their parliamentary representative—and the people usually feel that he has been their enemy only in a professional or Pickwickian sense, and they send him to Parliament. It is to be feared that even when he goes to the Commons he often continues to plead his professional privilege and accepts "fees from clients" which, if accepted by other members, could be called nothing but bribery. A lawyer is never bought; he is retained. He bears a professional relation to any kind or quality of cash that may be offered him that no other man enjoys. Pitch does not defile him. He may accept money professionally that he would personally detest, and quit work at night with a full wallet and a conscience unruffled. Much might be—much will be—written on the ethics of the legal profession. Perhaps, in time we may see a special course in our educational system for the training of men dedicated to pure law, as distinguished from exploitation, promotion and speculation—men taught to serve the interests of citizenship, to advocate no cause without belief in it, and be, in fact, on the same plane as other men, personally responsible for all they say and do, and held accountable to their consciences for every dollar they earn.

However, these reflections have nothing to do with The Strange Case of Mr. Crothers, except to heighten its mystery. Being a lawyer, he must be a man skilled in the acceptance of easy money. Perhaps, then, it was entirely in his non-professional or citizen's capacity that he served on the commission and later returned the cheque. From that viewpoint some observations are in order. The Liberal party was in office thirty-three years in Ontario, yet there is nothing to show that in all that time they ever sent a two-thousand-dollar cheque to the wrong address. Why did Mr. Crothers put on his party the imputation of being ready to pay two thousand dollars to a man who would accept only two hundred? Why did he not explain himself in time to prevent the mailing of the cheque? His motive must have been to make protest against the paying of commissioners in general, on the ground that men should be willing to render such services without remuneration. Should men serve in such cases without payment? The plan would scarcely work well, because very few men could afford to accept such appointments, neglect their own affairs for weeks or months and receive no return but their actual cash disbursements. The Government would be forced to appoint to such services only men of wealth and leisure; other men, unless they happened to have an interest in the case, would decline to serve. Men of leisure are not always the best investigators; if a thing is to be well done it must, as a rule, be done by busy men. The man who works hardest all day is the one who hunts up night work to do on the side. If we want a hundred-million-dollar Georgian Bay ship canal built we must lay the project before men who are already wrestling with the construction of a transcontinental railway or other huge enterprises. Nobody else will have time—the task would appall anybody not past the point where anything could appall.

If Mr. Crothers' refusal of this cheque became a precedent, few suitable men would accept such appointments; those who did accept would place the Government under obligations to them, and many would expect to be paid in truck, if not in cash. It is better that payments should be made by cheque and entered in the accounts. The money should be forced on the reluctant Mr. Crothers. Mr. Cooper should take his without making any show of resistance. Men should do their work well, be paid a reasonable fee, and the transaction closed. It is the only sound plan in this country of workers.

THE whole history of the strife in Idaho between the union and non-union miners, now brought before the world's attention by the sensational trial of Haywood and others for the murder of ex-Governor Stunenburg, is a story of lawlessness almost unbelievable. The trouble began in the usual way. It was a labor trouble, not different from any other. A certain amount of riot and violence was winked at by the authorities as being inseparable from a conflict between workmen and employers and between union and non-union men. In other places than in the mining centres of Idaho the dangerous policy has been adopted of regarding a certain amount of rioting and violence as permissible. "Let them fight it out and be done with it," men in authority have said, even in Canada, when there have been riots and violence in connection with labor troubles. But before lawlessness had finished its course in Idaho—if it has yet finished—there had been a long list of murders, dynamitings of buildings, pitched battles, a reign of terror in which judges were threatened on the bench, and neither courts nor governments were in receipt of nor entitled to anybody's respect. Murder done by one side was avenged by murder done by the other. If a riotous mob violated the laws, the authorities violated it quite as much, and by his acts you could not distinguish the outlaw from the sheriff, or the sheriff from the outlaw. They were all mad and lawless together, union and non-

vain. Such speculations count for little—history and real life of the chicken begin when it succeeds in emerging.

These advocates of increased self-government in India must have been observing recent events. They have seen gather in England a conference of representative men from all important parts of the Empire—except India. In this gathering they saw Gen. Botha, who five years ago was in the field at the head of a Boer army making war on the Empire—now premier of a division of that Empire—while India, whose native troops burned to get into that war remains precisely where she was. What form could the reasoning of India take from the case of the Boers? So, too, it is said, the people of India look with some jealousy on the advancement of the Japanese to front rank as a world power, and to equal alliance with Great Britain, while they remain in a state of inferiority. They feel called upon to agitate, at least, to manifest some discontent—enough to evince a self-respect.

S EVERAL of the colonial premiers in London gave out under the stress of the many public dinners they were called upon to attend, and this has led to considerable discussion in the English press. Some of the editors jest about the inability of the visitors to hold their end up. An accomplished dinner-out, the present Lord Mayor

hisses and groans. Pegg learned a useful lesson. A man in a strange country should respect the flag of that country: a fact that some Pennsylvanians who visit Canada in the summer should bear in mind. No doubt Pegg would defend his words by saying that his flag and his country were being reviled by his fellow-workmen when he used the foolish words, but he will not again forget that while a crowd may be foolish and uncivil to a lone individual, it is up to the lone individual to be both wise and civil.

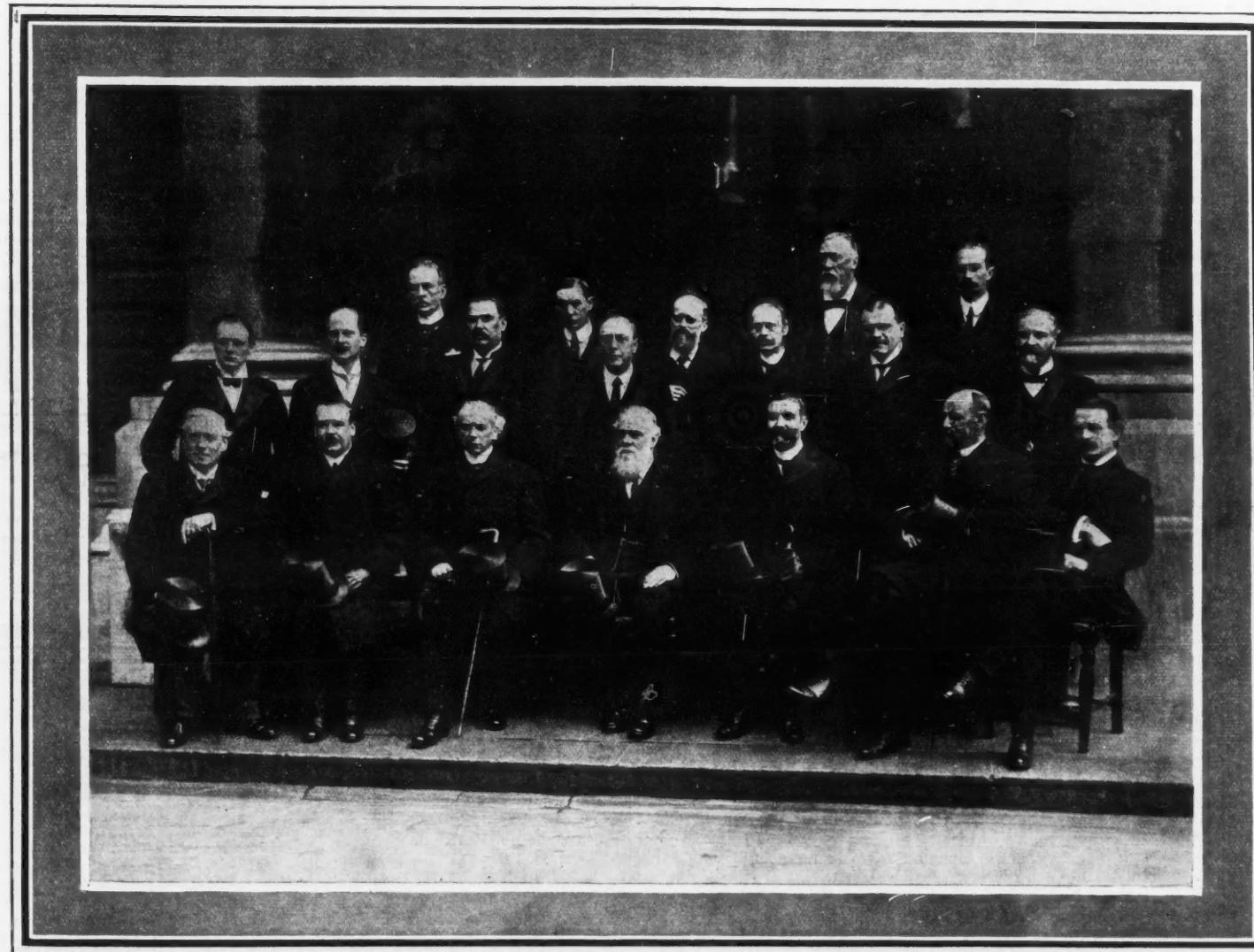
THE master plumbers of Toronto are understood to be making objection to the following shop rules that the Plumbers' Union seeks to impose on them: "Workmen are not allowed to ride bicycles during working hours; foremen are not allowed to handle tools; only two members of a firm can work at their trade." These rules certainly look as if they needed to be objected to. The only purpose in saying that a workman must walk and not ride a bicycle in working hours is that he may accomplish less labor in a day. In fact the object of all three rules is to decrease productiveness, lessen energy and hamper enterprise.

The spirit of such rules and their effect is damaging to all concerned, hampering the employers and deadening the enterprise of workmen. In Great Britain much damage has been done by the introduction of the do-little idea

as a principle of the labor unions. It has weakened England in her struggle against the competition of other industrial nations, such as Germany and the United States, and soon the evil will be still more marked as the industrial competition of Japan begins to be felt. Canada is a young country, where every gate is open to the man who has courage enough to step up and walk through it. Most of the men who are employers to-day were among the employed not long ago, and any system is a bad one that would so hamper and tie up a trade that young men who begin at the bench would be afforded no opportunity to exert enterprise, show capacity and win success by deserving it, as men have always been able to do, and should be able to do for generations to come in the new world. When a country grows old and the people become stratified into classes from which it is hard for any individual to break, then, it may seem expedient for a class that appears to be condemned always to remain employed as day laborers to introduce this deadening system of do-as-little-as-you-can; but in a country like this there is no excuse for it whatever, and intelligent workmen should see in it a great evil, calculated to fence them and their children away from the ladders up which nearly all the prosperous men of to-day have climbed.

Such rules as these cannot possibly benefit any but those workers who have no enterprise or capacity and no hope of attaining to any condition better than the present. No man ever made much of a success in a country like this unless he plunged in and tackled with joy all the work he could get his arms around.

SOME of the newspapers in the Maritime Provinces, Eastern Townships and in outlying parts of Ontario are expressing very hostile views against the Canadian Government for not renewing the special postal convention entered into twenty years ago between this country and the United States as regards the free exchange of newspapers at the domestic postal rate. Some of these editors are writing in haste, being spurred thereto by the temporary inconveniences imposed on them and by confirming their gaze too intently on the one aspect of the case that concerns the temporary losses occasioned them. Might not these writers fairly assume that an action so important was not taken without great deliberation by the Dominion Government, with a full knowledge of the facts, and with a determination to see the thing through, notwithstanding any hasty outcry that might arise. Nor would it be unreasonable to expect that an editor isolated in his office, would take it for granted that when the executive of the Press Association met to consider the new postal treaty—there being present the elected representatives of city dailies, small town dailies and country weeklies, the latter predominating—and unanimously endorsed it, there must be something in the facts of the case weighty enough to deserve consideration. No doubt the feeling shown in some quarters is inspired by the misapprehension that the postal change was brought about as "a concession" to certain classes of Canadian publications—and a man hates to feel that he is being skinned for the benefit of others. Such was not the case. The postal treaty was an exceptional one, and was to continue only while mutually advantageous. Should it be renewed and continued? The postal department at Ottawa declared that the renewal of it was an absolute impossibility. The rate on papers entering Canada from the States was one-eighth, and the rate on papers entering the States from Canada was one-sixteenth, of that prevailing between any other two separately governed countries in the world. The new treaty that has just gone into effect increases the rate either way to one-half that which prevails



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IMPERIAL CONFERENCE—AN HISTORIC GROUP AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

Reading from left to right: Back row—Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Holderness, Sir William Lyne, Mr. W. A. Robinson.  
Middle row—Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Francis Hopwood, General Botha, Sir J. Mackay, Mr. G. W. Johnson, Mr. H. W. Just,  
Hon. L. F. Brodeur, Sir Robert Bond.  
Front row—Mr. Asquith, Sir Joseph Ward, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Elgin, Mr. Deakin, Mr. Moor, Mr. Lloyd-George.

union, employer and employee, judge and prisoner, victim and assassin—without anywhere a vestige of just and sane authority revealing itself. The story of the Colorado mining troubles was much the same. In neither case was there shown true respect for law or authority, or any knife, the explosive—for these men reached, and with these they won or were mastered.

FIFTY years ago this month India burst into flame through the mutiny of the native troops and a terrible war ensued. There is nothing in history so shocking, yet so fascinating, as the stories of defeat, despair, massacre and rescue attending the fate of a few scattered handfuls of whites who were in India at that time. For a few days of late it almost seemed as if men on the spot feared another great insurrection in India. There was rioting in some places, arrests were made, troops were hurried from point to point, and in the back of every man's mind was the memory of the black chapter of the past. India, indeed, is enough to make her rulers nervous.

A venerable country with an enormous population, the upper classes highly cultured—yet in vassalage, governed by a mere handful of strangers from beyond seas! The times are calculated to induce unrest in India, and to spread a desire for greater self-government among the younger men of the educated classes. They see no indication that India shall ever secure any greater control of her own affairs than she now possesses unless her people force the issue. A chicken to be hatched must, in fullness of time, break the shell from within, and the time for doing this arrives when the chicken experiences the desire to do it and on trying proves to have the strength. It may be that it possessed the strength long before it had the sense to shape a desire, or it may have had the desire without the strength, and so fretted its impatient spirit in

of London, gives in one of the papers an interview, helpful to colonial visitors, and others who may find it necessary to attend more of these functions than ordinarily. He says that in the last six months he has eaten one hundred and fifty public dinners and presided or taken part in six hundred public engagements, and is in better health than when he began. He has a plan of his own. He makes it a rule to eat no butcher's meat at a public dinner, but to partake only of vegetables and lighter viands. He doesn't smoke at these dinners, nor drink spirits, but confines himself to good wine. The rest of the plan consists in dismissing entirely from his mind any worry about what he is going to say when called upon to speak, trusting to the inspiration of the occasion to prompt him when it arises.

This advice is from an expert and is worth noting. But, the objection may be made that while it may be a good thing for a man not to prepare his speech in advance, nor worry about it before being called on, the speech that bubbles out of its own accord may not always be the best for the health and uplifting of those who have to sit and listen to it. If a speaker does not worry about his speech in advance a hundred others are usually forced to do the worrying while he is on his feet.

GEORGE G. PEGG, a Canadian employed in a mill at Sunbury Pa., was, on Sunday night, accused by a fellow-workman of having called the United States flag "Nothing more than a dish rag." An angry crowd gathered about him, forced him to salute the emblem and carry it on a pole several miles, while frequently threatened that he would be thrown in the Susquehanna river. The march ended on a bridge, where Pegg apologized saying, "I made the remark in ignorance of American respect for the flag of your country, I am very sorry." He was released amid

between any other two separately governed countries—except where Mexico is concerned.

When the arrangement that has been cancelled went into effect thirty years ago it was soon apparent that we were to carry through our postal service a great deal more mail matter than they were to carry for us. As time went on this disparity grew and grew. Some years ago it was found that Canada was carrying—and receiving no postal revenue on—fifty bags of second-class mail matter for every one bag that we sent to them for free carriage and delivery. Five years ago Canada was carrying one hundred bags to one. This year we were carrying two hundred bags to one. Where was it to stop? Out of an immense volume of mail matter Canada got for carrying 199 bags out of every 200 no return whatever either in the way of like service or in the way of postal revenue. Should the Canadian postoffice go on handling 199 bags of mail for nothing, in order that our publishers should get one bag handled for nothing across the border? Surely those publishers who assert that the old deal should have been continued because it served their convenience and reduced their postage bills could make some more reasonable demand on Ottawa than that the Government should agree to go on carrying two, and presently three and four hundred bags of mail for nothing in order that our publishers could get one bag carried free in the United States. Whatever sound argument there may be against the new postal treaty it in no way concerns the handful of mail that our publishers got carried and distributed for nothing in the neighboring republic.

ON the fifth page of this issue is an article on the subject by Mr. Hal. B. Donly, who edits and publishes the *Sinclair Reformer*, one of the best of provincial weeklies. His views on this question deserve the consideration of other editors of weeklies. In the Toronto News of Monday night there appeared an able exposition of the whole matter written by "H.", that journal's resident correspondent at Ottawa. The whole case is, in that article, reviewed as a piece of national policy and sound business. In Canada and the United States, and in these countries only newspapers and periodicals are carried by the Government at far below cost, are subsidized in fact. "The American explanation," writes the Ottawa correspondent, "is that it is done to diffuse information of a public character, and to assist the State in the duty of making the citizens of the United States not merely generally intelligent, but intelligent American citizens, permeated with the ideas which make for the maintenance and advancement of the United States." That seems a fairly good reason why the Government of the United States should subsidize the press of the United States, or why the Government of Canada should subsidize the press of Canada. But does it follow that the Government of Canada should subsidize the press of the United States to circulate in Canada?

What are we trying to do here on the northern half of this continent? If we had no purpose but to conduct a Dominion that would be but a little side-show to the Republic, the old postal arrangement was all right. If we want to make a country of our own we have taken an important step forward in the present month.

A PROFESSIONAL man who expresses himself as being in general agreement with remarks in these columns in connection with the new postal convention desires, nevertheless, to submit his own case as showing how much extra per annum a man in his position will have to pay. He submits the names of several good publications from the United States for which he subscribes and the prices before and after the change in the postal rates as follows:

	Before.	After.
Vogue	\$4.00	\$5.25
Engineering News	5.00	7.00
The Nation	3.00	3.50
Science	3.00	3.50
Educational Review	3.00	3.30
	\$18.00	\$22.55

The new postal rates will cause this reader to pay \$4.55 per annum more than formerly for these five publications. But it will be observed that he subscribes to excellent publications. Does he not subscribe for any English periodicals of like character? If not, is it not because the postage rate from England on such publications has been practically prohibitive? By the arrangements made the postal rate on such publications from the United States has been increased by three cents per pound, while that on such publications from England has been reduced by six cents per pound. The net effect, therefore, of the new postal arrangements is to give Canadian readers access to the best publications of both Great Britain and the United States at, not an increase, but a reduction of three cents per pound. That is to say, the man who was receiving a high-class New York journal for \$4 per year and a high-class London journal for \$6 per year, will now pay one dollar more for the one from New York and two dollars less for the one from London, and get both papers for one dollar less than before.

A reader like our correspondent, who subscribes for technical, scientific and educational journals, took those from the United States partly for economy's sake and lie took only those because the postage on them was but one-eighth of the amount he would have had to pay on similar British journals. Now the rate on American periodicals has been increased from one to four cents per pound, and that on British periodicals from eight to two cents per pound—and time will show how the changes operate. The postal rates on publications from across the border have been hoisted to one-half what they have always been on publications from England.

IN the current issue of the Canadian Law Journal the article that occupies the place of honor is one by N. W. Hoyles, K.C. Following this is an article by the editor on "The Bench and the Press," in which some of the Toronto daily newspapers are censured for criticizing the decision of the Privy Council in the Street Railway action. The Law Journal is agast. It speaks in the highest terms of the Privy Council and deplores the folly of yellow journals in presuming to find fault with anything done by so distinguished a court. The Law Journal hints that it would even feel like indulging in merriment on observing the foolishness of the local press, were the subject not so serious, for the newspapers go the length of saying that appeal to the Privy Council should be abolished.

The Law Journal shows deference to the opinion of Mr. N. W. Hoyles, and I would like to refer that journal to an article by Mr. Hoyles, in the Queen's Quarterly, for April, 1903, on "The Origin and Present Position of the Privy Council," in which there is evidence that others than editors of local journals regard the Privy Council as an unsatisfactory body.

In that article Mr. Hoyles points out that there are in London two courts of final appeal, the House of Lords

and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Each is final. Neither has power to overrule the other. The Privy Council that we in Canada are asked to hold in awe has no standing in Great Britain as a court. Its decisions, if cited in a British court, are rejected as not applying. It is a court, in fact, only for the colonies and dependencies of the Empire. It has many members, but any four of them constitute a quorum. Mr. Hoyles goes on to say: "A lawsuit between a merchant resident in Liverpool and one resident in Toronto may be finally determined in favor of the Liverpool merchant if he brings his action in England, in which case it would go in the last resort to the House of Lords, or in favor of the Toronto merchant if he institutes proceedings in Canada, in which case the ultimate appeal may be to the Privy Council. It is exceedingly unsatisfactory that the final decision in a legal controversy should depend upon where the proceedings happen to be commenced. *Misera est servitus ubi jus est vagum.*"

Mr. Hoyles seems to endorse Mr. Justice Hodges, of Australia, who says there is a strong feeling that what we call the Privy Council is an inferior tribunal to the House of Lords, and who says it is defective from its very composition; from the appointment of men who have retired from the discharge of duties in the East Indies, whose qualifications and mental vigor do not seem to be exactly those that qualify a man to determine a Canadian or Australian or South African appeal; from the fact that it is the first duty of the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, to attend to the hearing and determination of appeals in the House of Lords, while the Judicial Committee is only entitled to their services after the discharge of their obligations to the House of Lords. Mr. Hoyles seems to agree with Mr. Justice Hodges and the Toronto press in regarding the present appeal to the Privy Council as unsatisfactory.

It may seem that the people of Toronto are bad losers in connection with the Street Railway case. But it is not a mere game we are playing. The Ontario Court of Appeals brings just as much learning to bear on a case as does the Privy Council, and a much better comprehension of the values and interests of justice involved.

MACK.



SPEEDING THE LINGERING GUEST.

Mother—Don't ride away with Mrs. Boreham's umbrella, Bobbie.

Bobbie—Why not, mother? I won't hurt it.

Mother—You might, dear. And anyhow she'll be wanting it directly.—Punch.

#### Kicking Horse and some other Passes.

BARRIE, MAY 13, '07.

*Editor Saturday Night:* In Saturday's issue you give some information about the Kicking Horse and Eagle passes which is hardly correct. The Kicking Horse pass was discovered by Dr. Hector about the year 1857, and it was he who was kicked by horse and was nearly buried alive by his men. Dr. Hector was the chief assistant of Captain Paliser, who was sent out in 1856 to examine the passes of the Rocky Mountains and report on a route for a transcontinental railway. Dr. Hector afterwards became Sir James Hector and Geologist to the Government of New Zealand, and I think died last year. The Eagle Pass through the Gold Range was discovered by Mr. Walter Moberly in 1865, and in an address before the Canadian Club of Vancouver at a banquet given in his honor on 13th of March last, he speaks of his discovery as follows: "Six weeks after leaving New Westminster I reported the discovery of Eagle Pass through the Gold Range, which had hitherto been considered to be an unbroken chain of mountains presenting an impassable barrier for a railway. At the same time I also reported the discovery of the valley of the Illecillewaet River penetrating far into the Selkirk range of mountains." This latter led finally to discovery of the Rogers Pass through Selkirk range and on line of C.P.R. Later in his address he says: "In 1866 I sent one of my party, Mr. Albert Perry, to explore through the valley of the southeast fork of the Illecillewaet river, and through what is now known as Rogers Pass," and later on says: "Mr. Perry was really the discoverer of that pass—discovery made twenty years before Major Rogers ever saw the Selkirk Mountains."

In another column of your same issue there seems to be some doubt as to the color of Lord Strathcona's beard. He was known from Labrador to the Pacific Ocean by his associates in the Hudson's Bay Co. and the Indians as "the Red Fox," a name they seemed to think fitted his complexion and character all right.

Mr. S. B. Reed, whom you mention in connection with the Kicking Horse Pass, was never in the mountains in Canada. He was chief engineer of C.P.R. for a very short time in 1882, but previous to that was chief engineer of construction on the Union Pacific Railway, 1865-1869, where the writer had the honor of serving under him.

Yours, F. M.

NEW and fast steamer services are to be put on the Canadian route between Liverpool and Hong Kong, and it is understood that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has outlined the proposal at the Imperial Convention this week. The scheme calls for a twenty-five knot service on the Atlantic and an eighteen knot service on the Pacific, the result being that British mails will be able to travel from Liverpool via Canada to Hong Kong in twenty-two and a half days, while the best done via Brindisi and the Suez Canal is twenty-nine and a half days. This will give the Canadian route a clear advantage of seven days, and this supremacy, if once gained, can be held drawing to the new path a large volume of trade and travel.

THE abstract for 1906 compiled by the United States Bureau of Statistics gives the amount on deposit in savings banks in the various countries of the world. The average account is largest in the Republic, but the number of depositors there is much smaller than in Germany, the United Kingdom, France and Japan. In postal savings bank deposits alone, the average account in Canada is far larger than in any other country.

#### Another Tradition Smashed.

THE traditional salutation of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, "It's long time between drinks," is now out of favor with the executives of these states. At the opening ceremonies at the Jamestown Exposition Governor Woodruff, of Connecticut, discovered that Governor Heyward, of South Carolina and Governor Glenn of North Carolina had never met. When an occasion was offered he introduced them. The Richmond Times Despatch tells the rest:

"The high admirals of two adjoining ships of state shook hands with true Southern cordiality," continues Governor Woodruff: "I was surprised, and I guess I looked it. There was the Governor of South Carolina and the Governor of North Carolina, but where, oh, where was the usual greeting? I coughed, fidgeted uneasily and then said:

"I expected the usual salutation when the Governor—

"To be sure," broke in Governor Glenn, "I should like to oblige you, but I am a prohibitionist and a teetotaler."

"And I, too, would be deeply honored to live up to tradition," said Governor Heyward bowing deeply, "but I like my brother Governor, am a prohibitionist and a teetotaler."

It is significant that the Governor of North Carolina should say to the Governor of South Carolina, "I am a prohibitionist and a teetotaler," and that the Governor of South Carolina should reply in the same words. It denotes a wondrous change, and a famous tradition is retired. Hereafter when one gentleman asks of another "What was it the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina?" the reply will be, "I'm a prohibitionist and a teetotaler." Seriously, it denotes a wondrous growth in temperance sentiment throughout the South. And it may be added that one of the prominent candidates for the gubernatorial nomination in Virginia during the last campaign, and who will be a candidate next time is also a prohibitionist and a teetotaler.

#### Arthur Stringer and the Safe Man.

A CANADIAN artist, who portrays the ways of wild animals for New York editors, tells this story on Arthur Stringer, the author:

"Seven or eight years ago, when Stringer struck New York, fresh from College life at Oxford, and Harvey O'Higgins came down from Canada to sell a trunkful or two of short stories, they doubled up and took the top floor of that old studio building at 146 Fifth avenue. It was very Bohemian, that top floor, with one whole wall, in what they called The Chamber of a Thousand Sorrows, papered with rejection slips from editors. But in winter it was as cold as clarity, for the only steam heat was in the halls. So Stringer and O'Higgins, in those early 'leap years,' used to hang an old burlap curtain across their stairhead, and when the rest of the house had settled down to slumber and quietness, used to take up their beds, or rather, their two-dollar cots, and steal out in their pyjamas to the hallway, to slumber in that nice, warm and steam-heated atmosphere.

"Stringer had been wrestling with a safe-breaking story and had read a vault advertisement in the back of a magazine where 'catalogues free' were announced. So, naturally enough, he ventured to write and ask for all descriptive catalogues dealing with extra-large burglar-proof vaults. That Fifth avenue address brought a silk-hatted and frock-coated representative of the well-known Broadway safe-makers over, with the catalogues in question, the very next morning. He ascended those shabby studio stairs, flight by flight, with gradually brightening hopes. When he lifted the old burlap curtain and discovered that the recumbent frame on the two-dollar cot was his dream-ed-of purchaser, he gave vent to one silent look of disgust and departed without a word!

"And O'Higgins always claimed Stringer threw a milk-bottle at the man for waking him up at ten o'clock in the morning!"

#### Sir Ian Hamilton on The Chinese.

IN his extensive work, "The Reshaping of the Far East," published some time since, Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale gave an authoritative and most interesting review of Eastern conditions. Recently he completed a volume, which is now published, dealing with affairs in the Orient in the light of recent conditions arising from the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the Portsmouth treaty. The book, in its chapters referring to the remarkable conclusion of the recent war, gives reasons not before advanced for the unexpected termination of the great struggle between Japan and Russia. Mr. Weale says that many difficulties were arising to confront the Japanese in carrying on a further campaign, and that it was on this account that the conditions of the peace treaty were accepted.

Mr. Weale also tells us a great many new and interesting things about the Chinese, for whom it is evident he has much admiration and sympathy. He refers in terms of quite enthusiastic praise to the many movements which the Chinese are carrying out for the moralizing and civilizing of their country. As to the Chinese, considered as individuals and citizens, he quotes with satisfaction from Sir Ian Hamilton, who has this to say:

"The farmers about here and their dependents, wives, womenkind, and children are the most admirable people in the world, so far as I can judge. They are, in fact, a startling revelation, and I have a feeling in their presence as if I had all my life been systematically duped and misled by the stereotyped European and American delineation of these Heathen Chinese. . . . It seems impossible that these dignified, clever, often noble-looking men, and these sensible, practical, hard-working women, should have served as the originals to the Chinese depicted in western literature."

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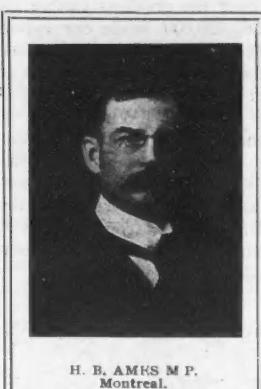
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**THE INVESTOR**

TORONTO

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Montreal.

MONTREAL

TORONTO, MAY 16.  
THE loan market in Toronto is apparently as strong as ever, and bankers have all they can do in supplying the necessary accommodation to their regular customers in trade and commerce. There are really no "bankers' balances" to help out the operator who wants to make a turn on the Stock Exchange. In some cases the money lent on stocks and bonds has been "called," but without any response. This is absolute proof that money is not plentiful. There are, however, some hopeful people, who lay stress on the large exports of grain, cattle and cheese now about leaving Canadian Atlantic ports, and the bills drawn against these no doubt will relieve the situation to some extent. On the other hand, the demand for money continues active, and requirements are even larger than before. The best evidence one could give of the full employment of capital at home is that our banks have within the past six months withdrawn about two-thirds of their foreign investments. The movement is of much importance, as it constitutes a direct reversal of what has been going on for a number of years back. While many Canadians no doubt are pleased by this transference of capital for domestic use, there are others who, having a fuller knowledge of the purposes served by these immediately available assets, doubt the advisability of the banks in pursuing such a policy. In times of emergency at home, it would be desirable to have large foreign balances to draw against. In fact many of our bankers look upon their liquid investments abroad as reserves to meet any crisis that may occur. The domestic situation is not altogether quite clear in the prospective. Some say we are going ahead too fast, the increase in our money supply is inadequate for the strides made in commerce and development. In an interview the other day, Mr. J. Lorne Campbell is reported to have said: "There is such a thing as unwarranted inflation of prices of crude materials and finished products just as there is of over speculation in securities. We believe that the country is now in a period of such inflation. How the country is to escape a pronounced recession in trade within the next six months is to our mind quite incomprehensible, and with a decline in general business must also come a further contraction in security prices."

The attention of the speculator in Toronto the past week was for the most part concentrated on Wheat Speculation. "Wheat" houses did a larger business with Chicago than for a similar period in years, and if reports are true, a good deal of money came this way. Out-of-town orders were numerous, and in not a few instances some big profits were secured. But the rank and file, who were near the tape, took small profits and allowed the market to get away from them or bought at prices above those they had previously realized at. For several days after the market commenced its activity there were really no reactions in prices. The first decline of consequence was on Tuesday, but before the day was out prices had rallied again on reports of a 6 to 7-inches snowstorm in Dakota. Within three days there had been an advance of 10c to 12c per bushel, but the majority of operators took ordinary profits. The backwardness of the season in our Northwest, as well as in the wheat-growing states across the border, and the unusually low temperature, along with unfavorable reports of European crops, are at the bottom of this advance in prices. Fortunately there is a large supply of old wheat in farmers' hands and in elevators, and its enhanced value means much to the country in general. As some people facetiously say, the railway companies ought to be paid a premium by farmers and wheat-holders for not removing this large quantity of stuff to the seaboard while prices were low.

The Supreme Court judgment in Ames v. Connell reads: "While the broker may lawfully pledge the customer's securities for an amount not exceeding the indebtedness of the customer, any disposition of the securities pledged which has the effect of depriving the customer of his rights to their immediate possession upon payment or tender by him of his indebtedness to the broker will amount to conversion." The above ruling has given rise to a lot of discussion among brokers, and the Toronto Stock Exchange has instructed its solicitor to review the text of the judgment, and give his opinion. The general custom is to pledge securities collectively for a loan. There would necessarily be a good deal of mixed collateral in the bunch, and from the above judgment it would appear as if this common practice would have to be stopped. Perhaps one good thing would result from the ruling, and it is this: Brokers would find more difficulty in selling stock of unknown merit on margin. Banks and loan companies do not like to lend and generally refuse to take such collateral except when accompanied with other securities of undoubted merit. If this judgment prevented trading in securities of uncertain value the public would be benefited. At all events, it would curtail the dealings in a large class of securities which are classified as wild cats.

The Imperial Bank of Canada issued this week its thirty-second annual report. The statement at hand Annual Report is for the twelve months ended April 30 last, and the showing should be highly satisfactory to shareholders. The paid-up capital stock within the year has increased from \$3,927,741 to \$4,773,948, while the net earnings were \$719,029, or over 16 per cent. on the average paid-up capital. Three quarterly dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, and one at the rate of 11 per cent., aggregating \$453,217, were paid shareholders. The premium of new stock, \$846,206, was carried to rest account, and this fund is now \$4,773,938, or the same as capital. After writing off \$116,391 for bank premises and furniture account, the sum of \$426,316 was carried forward. The liquid assets of the Imperial Bank are \$18,898,042, or over 50 per cent. of the total liabilities to the public. Current discounts and advances are \$25,715,495, and the deposits \$31,928,099, the latter showing an increase of \$3,430,000 within the year.

The Bank of Montreal has an exceptionally good half-year, as shown by the statement for the six months ended

April 30. Net profits were 982,838, as compared with \$840,562 for the corresponding six months of the previous year, an increase of \$142,296. The balance at credit of profit and loss account is now \$422,680, as against \$159,831 on October 31 last year. The reserve fund is \$11,000,000, and paid up capital \$14,400,000. Deposits at the close of the half year totalled \$130,881,130, as compared with \$110,645,982 at the corresponding date of last year, an increase of no less than \$20,235,148. Call and short loans in Great Britain and the United States totalled \$27,025,937, as compared with \$23,361,546 on the corresponding date of last year, an increase of \$3,664,391.

The number and magnitude of bank buildings which are in the course of construction or upon which work is about to begin in Montreal is almost beyond belief. On St. James street the Royal Bank has under way a head office

which when completed, will be one of the most perfect of its kind on the continent, and will, incidentally, run into a great deal of money. The same institution has on St. Catherine street, in the centre of the shopping district, a branch in the process of building. On St. James street, at the corner of McGill, the Eastern Townships Bank is about to begin work on a lordly structure. The Bank of Toronto is about to construct another, larger and still more expensive; while the Canadian Bank of Commerce will, with its new St. James street building, vie with even the Bank of Montreal for magnificence. Talking with a well posted architect the other day, this gentleman remarked that while knowing nothing of the actual cost he was under the impression after looking over the plans that this building, including the ground, will cost not less than a million and one-half dollars. Imagine this for a branch bank! The like of it has never been heard of on this continent. Still, the bankers are able to pay large dividends yearly and set aside substantial sums for the reserve account, and yet keep on building and building and pay the bills without adding substantially to their building accounts. There is evidently a vast deal more money in the banking business than the ordinary mortal wots of.

Word reached me from a private source on Wednesday Must We of this week that the street railway employees of Toronto had secretly organized and fully arranged that unless they got all they had Walk? demanded by way of concessions from the company, they would go out on strike early on Saturday morning without any preliminary warnings or outwardly visible preparations that would invite negotiators to interfere. The idea of this was explained as follows: Large crowds would be in the city for the annual spring race meet; the service being paralyzed suddenly at such a time would force the company to act quickly. If warnings were given representatives of the people would interfere and seek to bring about a settlement and the company would negotiate cheerfully with the object of tiding the trouble along until the big rush during the races was over. In this way the advocates of a sudden strike justified their strategy.

This is all very well as a plan of war, but the street car employees of Toronto must bear in mind that in Canada we have had legislation passed designed specially to protect the general public from unnecessary damage and annoyance in disputes between employer and employee where public services are concerned. Were the street car men to act in the arbitrary way suggested they would offend the public opinion of the city and the country and put themselves hopelessly in the wrong. Their act would mean that they defied Parliament and rejected those provisions by which it is hoped that all-round justice can be served—and rejected these provisions without giving them a fair trial. The people are entitled to an uninterrupted car service—a fact the company must recognize and a fact also that the employees should recognize, and if they do not, they should incur the censure of public opinion and receive little sympathy. It may be that the men in striking would do so in the hope that the service would be taken over and operated temporarily on behalf of the public. But if the men should strike under conditions unfair to all concerned, no action should be taken by the authorities that would play into their hands. It is to be hoped that the men will not listen to those who give them rash advice.

In the issue of SATURDAY NIGHT of May 4 there was a "Front Page" paragraph calling attention to Why Rails Break. The frequency with which news came of late from points in Canada and the United States telling of railway accidents due to the broken rails. The question was asked: "Why should rails break in this way?" Nothing of the kind was heard of until quite lately, and the suggestion was offered that "the makers of rails are cheapening their product." This is what the Scientific American has created a sensation by charging that such is the case. Rail-making in the United States is the monopoly of one big company, and the charge is that the concern has so cheapened its product that all these disasters with loss of life and property are the result. The rail-makers have introduced cheaper and quicker methods of manufacture—they make money, but others lose money and the death-roll increases enormously. The Scientific American proposes to produce evidence that the rails being made are unfit for the uses to which they are being put. The Canadian Railway Commission should at once investigate the matter and prohibit the laying of shoddy rails. There appears to be no point beyond which some men will not go in the pursuit of profits, and seems to be necessary even in matters of life and death to guard against the adulterator.

The only important movement in local stocks during the week was the decline of some half a dozen Decline in C.P.R. dollars per share in Canadian Pacific common stock. As was natural, brokers were besieged with inquiries on the part of clients and others as to the cause of the decline. The selling is said to have originated in Berlin, where a good deal of the stock is being carried. The New York bears no doubt did their share in selling the stock, and some liquidation

# BANK OF HAMILTON

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The S. W. Corner Spadina and College Branch is under the management of Mr. Victor W. S. Heron. Every attention is paid to Savings Accounts, and for the special convenience of persons in that district the Bank is open for business from 7 until 9 o'clock every Saturday evening.

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Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000.00. Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits \$1,183,713.23.

Offers to individuals, firms and corporations thoroughly modern and efficient service in handling banking accounts. Correspondents in the United States and Europe.

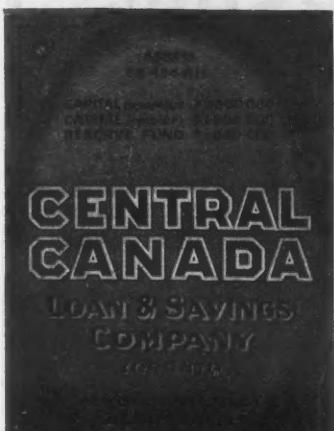
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BOTH Fashion and good taste demand suitable shoes for every occasion. "Queen Quality" Shoes enable you to indulge this taste without extravagance. And with the charm of variety and correct style, they combine moderate price. "Queen Quality" Shoes present a shoe for every occasion, a style for every taste, a fit for every foot. We want you to see the beautiful low cut styles we are now showing at \$3.75 and 4.75 a pair.

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Declaration of Dividend  
BRITISH COLUMBIA PACKERS' ASSOCIATION

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of 5% per cent. has been declared on the Preferred Stock of the above Association covering the period April 1, 1905, to April 1, 1906, and that the transfer books of the Association will be closed on the 10th of May, 1907, both days inclusive.

Dated at Toronto, the 10th day of April, 1907.

AMILUS JARVIS, Vice-President,  
McKinnon Building, Toronto

**Imperial Bank of Canada**

DIVIDEND NO. 67

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN**  
That a dividend at the rate of (11 per cent.)  
**eleven per cent.**, per annum upon the  
Paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has  
been declared for the quarter ending 30th April,  
1907, and will be payable at the  
Head Office and Branches on the  
Wednesday, the First of May Next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the  
19th to the 30th April, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the  
Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the  
Bank on Wednesday, the 22nd of May, 1907,  
the chair to be taken at noon.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,  
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 26th March, 1907.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
**Guardian Assurance Co.**  
**LIMITED**  
Funds: Thirty Millions Dollars  
Apply Manager, Montreal



came from holders who are dissatisfied with the prospects of the wheat crop in the Northwest. Half a crop of wheat this year would have some effect on the traffic of the road, and perhaps would retard the flow of immigration to some extent. This, however, is mere conjecture. The road is congested with business, and earnings are satisfactory. The report of a new issue of stock being contemplated is offset by the statement that the company has hardly begun to use the proceeds of the previous issue owing to the difficulty in getting labor and supplies. The real reason for the decline in the price of the stock is probably due to the fact that it has been selling much above its value. Money is worth 6 to 7 per cent., and the return on C.P.R. is only about 4 per cent. It is not likely that dividends will be increased in the near future, and as compared with the Hill properties, the shareholders of which are always pretty well looked after, the price of C.P.R. looks high.

The foreign trade of Canada continues to develop at a rapid rate, although in some cases the movement cannot be said to be favorable to the Imperial idea. The aggregate trade for the year ended March 31 was \$612,581,351, an increase of \$92,129,995 over the previous twelve months. Our imports increased \$60,000,000, while our exports increased only \$32,000,000. The comparatively small increase in exports is no doubt due to the difficulties experienced during the winter in getting the produce of the Northwest moved to the seaboard. While Great Britain is our best customer, Canada is the third best customer of the United States. We imported goods to the value of \$208,721,000 from the United States during the past year, while they took from us only \$109,773,000 worth. On the other hand, Great Britain took from us \$134,500,000 in produce and manufactures while we bought from them to the value of only \$83,229,000.

**Social and Personal**

THE usual happy gathering of the directors and friends of the O. J. C. at luncheon on opening day takes place to-day at 1:15 at the Woodbine. Afterwards the usual immense crowd will cheer the King's Plater on to victory. Quite a number of visitors in town will attend the races.

Mrs. Boone of Bloor street east is sailing for England on the 24th, to be present at the marriage of her son, Mr. Chas. Boone, which takes place in June.

Congratulations have been many to Sir John and Lady Von Hoogenhouck Tulleken on the arrival of a son and heir. Lady Tulleken was Miss Frances Dignam of St. George street, and now resides with her husband at The Hague, Holland.

Miss Mildred Sankey, daughter of the late Major Villiers Sankey, who left for the Northwest to visit her uncle some time ago, has become the happy bride of Mr. Willard Park Malone, manager of the Northern Bank at Macleod, Alta., where the wedding took place last Thursday morning, May 9. The bride, who is a very beautiful girl, wore a travelling costume of green cloth, and was attended by her little cousin, Miss Isabel Ponton. The best man was Mr. Scougall. Mr. and Mrs. Malone will visit Toronto during the summer.

The marriage of Miss Edythe Alice Maulson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Maulson, to Mr. George Moray Anderson, will take place on Tuesday, June 4, at St. Simon's church at half-past two o'clock. A reception will follow the ceremony at 31 Chicora avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Alexander announce the engagement of their daughter, Irene, to Mr. Gordon S. Gooderham, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gooderham.

A lecture was given by Prof. F. J. A. Davidson of Toronto University on "The Beginnings of the Renaissance in Italian Literature" on Wednesday evening at the gallery of the Woman's Art Association in the Confederation Life Building.

Two little plays given by the Alliance Francaise on Saturday evening in Conservatory of Music Hall had the advantage of being presented by French people in the cast, with one or two exceptions, being of that nationality. The various roles were exceedingly well taken by M. Le Baron De Champ, Madame La Comtesse Rochereau de la Sabliere, M. Barbaudi and others.

Commander and Mrs. Law and Miss Law left early this week for their summer home in Muskoka. Mr. John Law, who is still convalescing from his late severe illness, will join them later.

Mrs. Charles Ritchie gave a very pretty luncheon at the club on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth. Besides the guest of honor, those who enjoyed the pleasant event were Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Ballantyne. The table was prettily decorated with pink roses.

Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, who has been visiting Mrs. J. F. Lister, expected to return to Ottawa last night.

A very welcome gift of the stork was a son to Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Chillas on May 13.

The marriage took place in New York on Saturday, May 11, of Mr. Charles E. A. Goldman of Toronto to Miss Celina Kingan Ansley of New York.

Dr. H. B. Anderson, 34 Carlton street, has left town to spend a few months in Germany.

A Cinderella dance was given at Mr. Walter Beardmore's on Saturday night for the young friends of his sons. A few favored young married people were invited.

Mrs. Anna Booth Stratton, Summerhill ave., will spend the summer in London and Oxford. She sailed May 7.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Griffith, 316 Palmerston boulevard, announce the engagement of their second daughter, Emma, to Mr. S. H. Cutts, Toronto Junction. The wedding will take place early in June.

The friends of Mr. Alfred Beardmore gave him a surprise party at his house on Friday evening which was exceedingly enjoyable. It was particularly noticeable for the number of pretty women present.

Dr. and Mrs. McCoy of St. Catharines returned home on Saturday after a very successful week at the Montreal Horse Show. Dr. McCoy sold his splendid pair of bays, Mikado and the Sultan, for a very high figure.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Hunter have arrived at the Del Monte, California, on their way up from southern California, where they have spent the last seven months. They will proceed home via the Canadian Pacific, and are

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EACH YEAR**

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Plaid-up Capital	\$6,000,000.00
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"My Valet" Fountain The Tailor **Cleaner and Presser of Clothes**  
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on their dresser.

Pure—Soothing—Healing—Dainty.  
No Grease—No Injurious Chemicals.  
All druggists—or direct

E. G. WEST &amp; CO., - - - - - Toronto, Ont.

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JUNE BRIDES and HAIR BRAIDS

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For the First let every man look himself, and for the Second every woman should go to the "Maison" Jules & Charles.

You will find ready in stock the best quality of Wavy Switches, Parisian Transformations, Pompadours, Waves, Empire Curls, etc.

The only store for the superior Marcel Wave, Face Massage, Manicure, Shampoo, Electro Scalp Treatment.

Use our famous Hair Grower—HAIRLINE, The Gray Hair Restorer, the Capillarine (superfluous hair remover), the Beauty Cream. Write for our illustrated catalogue.

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It  
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KING EDWARD DRUG STORE

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is fulfilled in all my tailoring.

My tailoring always pleases my customers. Styles always the best, workmanship and fit guaranteed perfection.

I invite your coming to my Ladies' Tailoring Rooms at

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They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

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Millinery will be as much inspected and admired at the Horse Races as the winner of the King's Plate. Box holders and daily visitors may vie with each other in the art of their millinery, but the chances of superiority are in favor of the hats that come from here, because we have the best trained and most skilled artists in our millinery department we can secure. The woman who wants something dashing, stunning and exclusive, can get it here.

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In colors to match the gown make a

## SWELL SUMMER SHOE

Very handsome ones from

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## CANADA'S CHANGED POSTAL POLICY

The Situation as it Was—The Reasons for a Change as They Appear to the Publisher of a Provincial Weekly.

BY HAL B. DONLY.

THE new postal convention, as it affects the passage of newspapers and other periodicals, from their offices of publication in Canada or the United States, to subscribers in the other country, continues to occupy attention. Naturally the press of Canada was the first to be heard from here, and I will first deal with the subject, as I have come to believe that it concerns the Canadian publisher.

In view of the repeated requests made to Ottawa, by the recognized organization of Canadian newspapermen, that the old convention be denounced, it is strange that so nearly unanimous a chorus of disapproval should now go up from the press of the country. Liberal and Conservative writers vie with each other to see which can hurl the larger bricks at the heads of our postal authorities. Here and there only has a voice been raised in commendation. And yet when the executive of the Press Association gets together to consider what its duty is in the premises, it unanimously votes to adhere to the stand it has taken for many years, and in terms that fall little short of laudative congratulates the Canadian Postmaster-General upon his accomplishment. Even to the layman this must seem peculiar; and doubtless there are to-day throughout Canada hundreds of publishers who wonder where they are at and why their interests have been abandoned by their chosen representatives. My object is to attempt some explanation of this seeming anomaly.

When it was first wired from Washington that, at the instance of the Canadian authorities, the old postal convention had been abrogated and a new one entered into that would compel Canadian newspapers to pay a rate of four cents per pound, if addressed to subscribers in the United States, instead of the former rate of half a cent per pound, I was not favorably impressed. I did not need to be told, of course, that the Ottawa officials were not seeking to do Canadian publishers unnecessary harm. It was quite plain that their object was to dam out, if possible, the flow of American periodicals that had been growing in volume for years. No one disputes the desirability of keeping many of these publications out of the country. Better even than this would be their total suppression by Uncle Sam himself. But there are periodicals from the United States that Canadians read with profit, and it appeared to me to be the part of unwise to put good and bad alike under the ban simply to protect Canadians from the undesirable ones.

But when I came to that decision I was far from being fully informed of all the facts that actuated the Canadian Postmaster-General. No one, until shown the official figures, could have any conception of how jigg-handled the old arrangement was. The press deputation was told in Ottawa last week, that for every bag filled with second-class matter sent by Canadian publishers to the United States, the publishers south of the line sent us two hundred bags in return. There has been considerable growth in the publishing business in Canada since 1887, when the original convention was agreed upon, but this growth bears little or no proportion to the tremendous expansion in the number and circulation of the mail order and fake advertising journals dumped upon the Canadian postal service by United States publishers, overloading our mail cars, choking the service, seriously impeding it in its legitimate duties and threatening a large addition to the staff with consequent greater expense to our postal department.

There was no redress to be looked for from Washington. Had the authorities there been disposed to adopt a right classification to entitle periodicals to second-class rating, another way out might have been found. But vested interests are paramount there, and various attempts to bring about reforms have been promptly headed off by the lobby of the fake publications. One has only to read the story of the Lowd Bill (a measure framed to raise the rate on second-class matter to the actual cost of handling it), the Augusta publishers and the Maine Senators, to understand how futile it would have been to look south for help.

\* \* \*

AND so Mr. Lemieux had to choose between two alternatives. He could continue the old convention and go on being a delivery boy for United States publishers, without salary, and get even by raising the domestic rate on second-class matter; or he could do as he did, viz.: tell the United States authorities that the old rate was no longer a possibility, and that if they were not disposed to make a new convention, putting second-class matter up to four cents per pound, then international union rates would have to apply, these rates being eight cents per pound on newspapers and five cents per half ounce on letters. At first, so it has been learned, Uncle Sam's representatives took the position that it would have to be a renewal of the old convention, or international union rates. But upon discovering that they were dealing with British negotiators of a new sort, more disposed to put on their hats than hold them in their hands, the able and astute United States officials got into line as gracefully as they could and signed the new convention.

Had the Canadian delegates been able to get everything they wished, it would have been provided that the new rate would not become effective until January first next. This the Washington people would not consent to. Today United States publishers are doing everything in their power to get the extension. If they are successful in altering the views of the Washington postal officials, the Ottawa department will be prompt to meet them.

\* \* \*

CANADIAN publishers should consider these salient facts:

(1) No agreement exists between any two countries in the world similar to the postal convention between Canada and the United States, save only the one between Canada and Mexico.

(2) In no country on earth is the domestic rate on second-class matter as low as it is with us. There is but

one country in Europe with a domestic rate as low as the new rate between Canada and the United States.

(3) The Canadian publisher had no vested right to a continuance for ever of the extraordinary privilege he enjoyed in the mailing of his papers to the United States. It was a privilege granted when conditions were vastly different to those that exist to-day. It was a privilege granted when it entailed no burden upon anyone.

(4) The problem to which the Canadian Postmaster-General had to find a solution was not simply the continuance or discontinuance of the old rate. A change was a foregone conclusion, an absolute business necessity. He had to decide whether he would raise the rate to the United States or raise the domestic rate.

The Postmaster-General chose as he did, and I, as a country publisher, frankly admit that my hastily formed first opinion was an error, based on incomplete information. In the light of fuller knowledge I heartily endorse the action of Mr. Lemieux as being wise from a business standpoint, and as being a piece of robust Canadianism as well.

\* \* \*

FOR there is another side to this question than that which deals with the post-office bills of Canadian newspapers. It is of vastly greater dimensions and should be of more concern to the people of this country. The Dominion is out of its swaddling clothes and in the lusty strength of its young manhood is learning to do quite a few things very well; every time our foreign trade gains a hundred million we can hear the cheers as they roll from Atlantic to Pacific; we count the weekly gain to our population as the peoples crowd to our shores from the ends of the earth, and speculate on how many new acres of wheat growing lands each year's increase in population will mean; we grow eloquent upon our wealth of forest and of mine, and talk in swelling figures of the expansion of our mills and factories. But will all these material increases suffice? Can we expect to build up a nation upon a certain number of quarters of wheat or tons of pig iron? Are we to keep on forever giving no thought to the country's press and entertaining no desire for a literature of our own?

It has been said that in the past no harm has come to us through the reading of an alien press. Quite so; but never before was that alien press so prolific, so aggressive as it is to-day. And what of the strangers who are gathering within our gates? It is the boast of our neighbors that the citizens they are losing to our West are still their people and that they purpose following them with their papers and magazines, determined to keep them "good Americans." Surely it is beyond the reasonable, if Canadians are really in earnest in their expressed desire to build up a Canadian nationality, to expect them to furnish the facilities and pay the cost of their own undoing.

We put a tariff charge upon harvesting machinery and called upon the agriculturists of the country to bear the consequent burden, that we might build up an industry in Canada. When at last our trade grew to be a real factor, and the big harvester combination was forced across and built a mammoth establishment in Hamilton, every Canadian rejoiced. And the wheels in the factory had hardly begun to turn when they issued their first advertising calendar, and the figure upon it was a boy entwined in the folds of a Canadian flag and the sentiment beneath him was "I'm British Too." My desire is to see the United States publications that have circulations in Canada worth considering, compelled to come over with branch establishments and, like the International Harvester Co., become British too.

\* \* \*

FIVE years of the new postal convention will work wonders. Such a period will see a marvellous expansion, both of quantity and quality, in the periodical press of this Dominion and a corresponding decrease in the importance and influence of United States publications. The result cannot help being favorable to the upbuilding of Canadian national sentiment, something it would be idle to look for, if our postal service was left free to the activities of American circulation managers.

Nor is this all. To-day if a young Canadian, man or woman, develops a talent for literature or for illustration, there is but one market for the wares he or she produces. We want the privilege of offering some inducement to keep our Lauts, our Roberts, our Carmens, our Stringers, our Hambridges, at home. We can never have that privilege if we keep on carrying to our people United States newspapers and magazines for nothing.

Simcoe, May 13, '07.

In referring to the eighty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Edward Everett Hale, the San Francisco Argonaut says: "Dr. Hale seems to belong to an old order of literary chivalry, and in a day of debased ideals we can hardly look too earnestly at a figure so heroic, wherein physical debility has been powerless against unquenchable hope and an eager enthusiasm for everything that is honorable and of good report. The Argonaut then, naturally enough, finds its thought directed to another sage and honored man of letters, who has given a lustre to old age. It says: "Another octogenarian writer is Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is now eighty-four years of age but with an undimmed mental vigor and an unrelaxed grip upon every problem of the day that makes for human welfare. Goldwin Smith is an Englishman, but he lives in Canada and he loves America. He was a comrade of Bright and Cobden, a fearless and insatiable fighter from his youth upward, unsparing, tenacious, and relentless. The record of every great popular movement for the last half century bears the name of Goldwin Smith, and there has been no national problem unilluminated by his sagacity and prophetic discernment. In his later writings there has been something of a touch of wistfulness, as though he must perforce hasten to offer a testamentary counsel of moderation and good feeling in the whirlwind disputes of the day that hurry us toward disasters and an abyss. Goldwin Smith is one of the old literary Titans, neither giving quarter nor taking it, but no one has ever questioned, not even his political enemies, that he was one who wished well to his fellows and who never took his eye from some far-off goal of human endeavor."

\* \* \*

CANADIAN publishers should consider these salient facts:

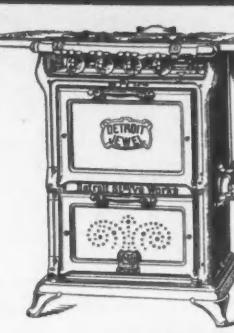
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(2) In no country on earth is the domestic rate on second-class matter as low as it is with us. There is but

# Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

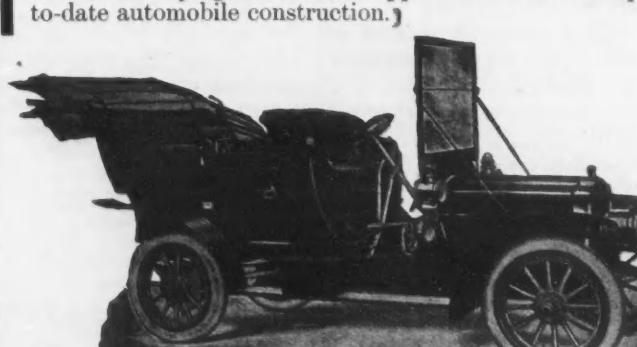
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BORATED  
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DELIGHTFUL—10 CENTS—EVERWHERE  
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST 35 Medals and Awards Avoid Substitutes

  
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are positively the finest finished  
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**Drink**  
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The all-round excellent car—**THE RUSSELL**  
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All models have the metal to metal disc clutch. Selective sliding gear transmission, powerful brakes—2 sets on rear wheels; shaft drive.  
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A complete little Campers' Manual of useful information.....10c  
Map of Muskoka Lakes.....75c  
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**Michie & Co., Ltd.**  
Grocers and Dealers in  
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TORONTO  
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## Young Canadians Serving the King

LVI.



CAPTAIN A. G. BREMER, R.E.  
3rd Sappers and Miners stationed at Kirkee, India.  
Graduate R.M.C., Kingston, 1888.

### Social and Personal.

THE presentation of the Bardell-Pickwick trial by members of the Toronto branch of the Dickens Fellowship, which took place in the Conservatory of Music Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, was capitally done, and received with much applause by audiences taxing the capacity of the hall. In fact, so numerous was the patronage accorded to this first dramatic venture of the society that a third presentation was given this week. The dramatization of the famous trial was done by Mr. J. W. Bengough, who himself took the place of the judge in a capital make-up. His interpolation of a speech for Mr. Bell-Smith, who took the part of Sergeant Snubbins, was sometimes not quite in the Dickens vein. But Mr. Bell-Smith's delivery left nothing to be desired. The two principal characters, Sergeant Buzfuz and Mrs. Bardell, were taken by Mr. E. S. Williamson, president of the Fellowship and Mr. Stafford, the latter being such a very attractive plaintiff that it is a wonder so gallant a gentleman as Mr. Pickwick ever allowed the suit to come to court. Mr. Bennett, as the perfidious Pickwick was admirable, both in make-up and action, and his faithful attendant, Sam Weller, received a most dapper presentation by Mr. Milton Lee. The great speech of Sergeant Buzfuz was delivered by Mr. Williamson with telling strength and expression. The jury were simply immense, twelve such freaks of humanity rarely being assembled on any stage. Mrs. Bardell's two friends, Mrs. Clappings and Mrs. Saunders, had evidently agreed with her that it was more advisable to look as pretty as they could than to attempt to reproduce the dreams of Dickens' illustrators. All others taking part in the play acquitted themselves admirably, and the Dickens Fellowship is justly puming itself on the great success of the affair.

A rumor has reached Canada that among the recipients of birthday honors will be Mr. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, who is now with his daughters in England.

Mr. Bruce Riordan, son of Dr. Riordan, is now with the Grand Trunk in London, Ontario where he is pleasantly situated and getting on very well.

Mr. Harcourt is living at the St. George during the absence of Mrs. Harcourt in Europe. Mrs. Harcourt left this week for the Continent, to be with her daughter, who is studying there.

Among the many pretty wedding gifts given to Miss Sheila Macdougal is a fine painting by Miss Estelle Kerr of a Frenchman, who is called by the artist "The Anarchist."

Miss Forence Taylor, who has been in Europe for eight months, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, 432 Markham street, are sailing on the first of June for Montreal for a summer abroad.

The marriage of Miss Sheila Macdougal and Mr. Jay Case, which takes place in St. Paul's Church at a quarter to four on Wednesday, will be a very simple ceremony. The bride will be attended by her life-long friend, Mrs. Adam (nee Rolph) as matron of honor.

Sir William Mulock has succumbed to the fascination of the motor car, and purchased a fine auto. Sir William and Lady Mulock will shortly go out to their summer place at Newmarket for the summer.

Miss Hill the president of the Toronto Travel Club, and one of the most experienced and cultured travellers in Canada, entertained the club on Monday afternoon at her home in Baldwin street.

Mr. George Christie Gibbons and Miss Gibbons of London are expected to be in town this week for the opening day of the races.

Miss Edith Harman has returned from a visit to Woodstock.

Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow and Miss Edith Clemow arrived in town this week, and are visiting Mrs. Capri Brooke. Miss Gwen Clemow, who has been in England with Sir Charles and Lady Ross, is on her way to Toronto by the Victorian.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bell of Chatham have returned from Los Angeles, California.

The following Torontonians attended the concert given by the Vienna choir in Buffalo on Monday night: Dr. A. S. Vogt, Dr. Harold Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Maud Gordon, Miss

Graham, Miss Smart, Mrs. Harris, Mr. Frank Blackford, Mr. Henry J. Lautz, Mr. Thomas Bilton, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. Edmund Phillips.

Captain, the Hon. Frederick Guest, son of Lord Winborne, was the host recently at a luncheon in London, England, given in honor of the representatives of the colonial newspapers in the British metropolis, for the Conference. Covers were laid for twenty-two. Speeches were made by Captain Guest, Sir Henry Norman and Sir Douglas Straight. Captain Guest has lately resigned his commission in the Life Guards to enter upon a political career. Both he and Sir Henry Norman have been in Canada, and are known to a large number of people here.

Dr. and Mrs. Cattermole are settled in their new home at 39 Howard street. Mrs. Cattermole, Sr., and Mrs. Waterman (nee Cattermole) will be with them for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter have gone for the summer to their country home, The Cedars, at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. Nicol Kingsmill and the Misses Kingsmill are on a short trip to Washington and other southern points.

The Misses Aikens, whose house is at present occupied by the Premier of Ontario and Mrs. Whitney, sail for Canada from England on the first of the coming month.

Mrs. Bruce Macdonald of Jarvis street has returned from Montreal.

The funeral of the late George Frederick Marter took place on Monday. Mr. Marter was born in Brantford, Ont., sixty-seven years ago, and lived in Toronto since 1893. He had a long and honorable public career. Municipal affairs in Norfolk County and in Muskoka engaged his attention largely previous to his entering the arena of provincial politics in 1886. In that year he was elected to represent the district of Muskoka in the Ontario Legislature. It will be recalled that in 1894, upon the retirement of Mr. Meredith, now Sir William Ralph Meredith, as leader of the Conservative Opposition, Mr. Marter was chosen as his successor. His uncompromising attitude, however, on several delicate matters of policy, such as prohibition, which he strongly favored, caused a split in the party, and in 1896 he resigned the leadership, being succeeded by Mr. J. P. Whitney, the present Premier.

Miss Ritchie, Edinburgh, Scotland, is staying with Mrs. Alexander Nairn, Jarvis street.

Judge and Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. F. Berkeley sail from England for Canada to-morrow.

Mrs. Macdonald Goderich, has been visiting Mrs. Nordheimer of Glendale.

Professor Clark of Trinity College is at present in Ottawa, the guest of Rev. M. A. Snowdon.

Mr. George Grey nephew of His Excellency the Governor-General, has returned to Ottawa from Cobalt, and is spending a few days at Government House before sailing for England.

Mr. Halford Pringle, son of the member of the Commons for Cornwall, and Mrs. Pringle are coming from Ottawa to reside in Toronto.

Mrs. Alan Aylesworth has returned from Ottawa, where she has been visiting for some time.

Mr. Herbert Osmund Eddrup sailed on the Virginian on Friday of last week to spend the summer with friends in England and Paris.

Hon. Clifford Sifton and Mrs. Sifton sailed for Canada from England on the 15th inst.

Major H. Burstall, R.L.A., and Mrs. Burstall have arrived from England and are at the Queen's hotel.

Colonel Smith, London, Ontario, has recently returned from an extended trip in Japan.

Mr. Alfred Jones has purchased Mr. Rupert Simpson's residence at Haileybury, and Mrs. Jones and her children, with Miss Edna Jones, left on Wednesday to spend the summer at this northern town on Lake Temiskaming.

The following parties were registered at the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, this week: Colonel W. H. Merritt, Mr. H. Foster Chaffee, Mr. H. L. McIntosh, Mr. B. W. Folger, Mr. B. Irving, Mr. M. J. Fleming, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. C. W. Beatty and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beatty, Mr. Charles C. Hall, Mr. R. C. Misson, Mr. E. Bayley, Mr. T. H. Mayne Campbell, Mrs. R. W. Thomas, Mr. A. B. Willis, Mrs. H. C. Hammond, Mr. S. Bogert, Mr. F. S. Hammond, Mr. F. Gammie, Miss Agnes Ross, Mr. F. W. Wellington, Mr. L. S. Morrison, Miss Hay, Toronto; Mr. Alex. P. Park, Paisley, Scotland; Mr. C. J. Duncan, London, Eng.; Mr. George A. Wilson, Australia; Mr. A. H. Franklyn, London, Eng.; Mr. A. S. Baker, New Zealand; Mr. John Binnie, Glasgow, Scotland; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Galderitz, Havana, Cuba; Mr. A. C. Carter, Siam; Captain and Mrs. Vereker, England.

Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., has issued invitations to a private view of paintings and ceramics, the work of his students to be held in his studio in Toronto on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 16, 17 and 18.

Mr. Austin Boddy, Commissioner at Sierra Leone, is at home on furlough, and is staying with his mother, in Winchester street.

Mrs. H. H. Fulger and her daughters sail for England this week.

Major H. Burstall, R.L.A., and Mrs. Burstall have arrived from England, and are at the Queen's hotel.

Among those who are coming to town for the races, which commence to-day, are Sir Montagu and Lady Allan, Mrs. James Ross and Mrs. H. B. Yates of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Fauquier of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Seagram and a large party from Berlin, Mr. Sibley and party of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. George Segy and Mrs. George F. Palmer of St. Catharines, Mr. Harry Corby and party from Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston of Port Hope, Judge Post, Mr. and Mrs. Backus of New York and many other well-known people.

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## PLEATED SKIRTS

Pleating of all kinds

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## COWAN'S COCOA

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pure and the very  
choicest quality.

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BEAUTIFUL HATS  
FOR  
RACE WEEK



## FINE SILVER PLATE

It is ever our aim to offer our patrons the best that human skill and long experience determines "reliable." The lasting qualities of a Silver Plated article depends on "how much" and particularly "how well" the silver has been applied to the article.

Entree Dishes, Bake Dishes, Soup Tureens, Cake Baskets, Bread Trays, and such like, make very appropriate Wedding Gifts, and doubly so when the quality is known to be reliable.

Our prices will be found consistent and moderate, and only a trifle higher than articles of much inferior manufacture.

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144 Yonge St., Toronto

BENJAMIN KENT.

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MAY 18, 1907.

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

NIAGARA FALLS  
CANADAThe Clifton Hotel  
(Just Completed)

LOCATED on a rise of ground at Victoria Point, overlooking the Grand Canyon, it is the only hotel that commands the unobstructed view of the American and Horse Shoe Falls and the Great Gorge. The Cuisine and conveniences are the most perfect modern methods can devise.

Rooms single or en suite, with or without private bath. American Plan rates \$4 to \$6 per day. Beautiful Illustrated Booklet, showing the scenic surroundings, and artistic interiors of this superb hostelry, mailed upon application.

G. R. MAJOR, Manager.

## Niagara Navigation Company, Limited

—FOR—

Buffalo, Niagara Falls,  
New YorkSTEAMER TIME TABLE  
In effect May 1st, daily (except Sunday) from  
foot of Yonge Street  
Leave Toronto—7:30 a.m., 2 p.m.  
Arrive Toronto—1:15 p.m., 8:30 p.m.BOOK TICKETS ON SALE  
City Ticket Office, ground floor, Traders Bank  
Building.

## TO RENT

AFTER May 15th, for the summer months,  
and up to October 1st, a well appointed

## Furnished Town Residence

overlooking the St. Lawrence River.

Address: W. E. BROOKES,  
Brockville, OntarioOUTFITS  
FOR  
European Travel

For a long time we have made a study of the most convenient style of baggage to take with you, and intending travelers will find it to their advantage to see what we have before sailing.

Catalogue sent on request.

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Leather Goods Co. Limited  
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Ontario Jockey Club  
TORONTOSpring  
MeetingCommencing May 18th—June 1st  
RACING AND STEEPELECHASING

The King's Plate, \$5,000, will be run May 18th. The Toronto Cup, \$5,000, will be run May 24th, and a number of valuable stakes during the meeting, finishing with a splendid programme on Saturday, June 1st.

Jos. E. Seagram, M.P.  
PresidentW. P. Fraser  
Sec'y-Treas.HUDSON RIVER ROUTE TO  
NEW YORK.

All through trains by the New York Central run to Grand Central Station.

The Average Man  
and Immortality

Dr. William Osler thinks that men have grown indifferent to a problem they cannot solve, but Dr. McComb takes another view.

dying, but of the living Balzac that forced from Hugo this confession of faith. Moreover, Dr. Osler forgets to take into account a phenomenon well known to those who minister to the dying, and that is, their curious reserve about their deepest feelings, as though the soul, preparatory to her strange, lone journey, withdrew into herself, absorbed in her own affairs. And this self-absorption may well be mistaken for blank indifference."

## Make Believe.

Let's dream, like the child in its playing;

Let's change the things around us by saying

They're things that we wish them to be;

And if there is sadness or sorrow,

Let's dream till we charm it away;

Let's learn from the children and borrow

A saying from childhood—"Let's play."

Let's play that the world's full of beauty,

Let's play there are roses in bloom;

Let's play there is pleasure in duty

And light where we thought there was gloom;

Let's play that this heart with its sorrow

Is hidden by joyous and glad;

Let's play that we'll find on tomorrow

The joys that we never have had.

Let's play we have done with repining;

Let's play that our longings are still;

Let's play that the sunlight is shining

To gild the green slope of the hill;

Let's play there are birds blithely flinging

Their songs of delight to the air;

Let's play that the world's full of singing,

Let's play there is love everywhere.

J. W. FOLEY.

The Canadian Handicrafts Guild, at the request of Her Excellency the Countess Grey, is collecting a representative exhibit of Canadian women's work to send to the Exhibition of Women's Work to be held at Melbourne, Australia, next October. At the Exhibition of Canadian Handicrafts held in the Art Association, Montreal, in March, Her Excellency made a large selection of work. Further exhibits are invited, such as specimens of:

Fine needlework, embroidery, lace, crochet, knitting, etc.

Wood-carving, leather work, enamels, metal work, book-binding, etc.

Pottery and china painting.

Fine weaving, artistically woven and hooked rugs.

The Guild would also on this occasion be willing to forward with its exhibits, paintings in oil and water colors, pastels, miniatures, etchings, drawings in black and white, artistic photography, and school exhibits. All work must be addressed to the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, 586 St. Catherine street, west, Montreal, marked "For Australian Exhibition," and received not later than June 15th. Entry form can be obtained for the asking, and should be applied for immediately.

It is my belief that the man who has dined in the best Parisian restaurants without finding them wonderful, says Julian Street in The Travel Magazine, is either a dyspeptic or a self-reliant ignoramus, who did not give the chef a chance. You know the story of the western miner who, having "struck it rich," arrived in New York, and anxious to "do it right," went to Delmonico's for dinner. After studying the menu with growing despair, he turned to the patient waiter with: "Just bring me forty-five dollars' worth of ham and eggs!" Some of our fellow-countrymen give similar performances in Paris. I have known them to go to famous restaurants and order plain broiled chicken, or steak and fried potatoes—dishes so elemental that the greatest chef could hardly cook them better than Maggie in the flat at home, could do it. A Parisian chef, broiling a chicken makes a pathetic figure. The asking him to do so is like requesting a learned professor of higher mathematics to add a laundry bill.

Surely this distinguished writer is wrong in supposing that a true criterion for judging whether faith in a future life has any place in the thoughts of men is to be found in the feelings of the soul as it approaches the "low, dark verge of life." Not to man weakened by disease, his moral and spiritual energies dulled through the collapse of the body, but to man in the fullness of his powers, are we to refer on such a point?

Dr. McComb quotes in this connection Victor Hugo's speech at the grave of Balzac—"It is not darkness to him, it is light! It is not the end, but the beginning; not nothingness, but eternity. Such coffins proclaim immortality. Do we not say to ourselves here, to-day, that it is impossible that a great genius in this life can be other than a great spirit after death?"—and he adds in comment:

"Now it was the vision, not of the

people from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and other distant parts of Canada go to the Del Monte Hotel at Preston, Ont., for the benefit and rest at this popular resort.

"Now it was the vision, not of the

## The Youthful Fancy.

THE story of the little boy who comes home from Sunday School and asks his mother what kind of animal a consecrated cross-eyed bear might be, was told at a dinner-table the other evening, and immediately elicited a trio of similar anecdotes.

One gentleman a prominent writer, declared that as a little boy he read "Hamlet," and laughed heartily over the grave-yard scene, especially the line "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." This he construed to mean that men died and worms ate them, but not because the worms enjoyed that particular diet. They just had to eat men or get nothing, in the same way that little boys are obliged to tuck away oatmeal porridge when they would much prefer pie. He said that the line made a strong appeal to his sympathies in that he was continually falling foul of his nurse on the porridge question.

Another member of the party related how, as a youngster, his nurse would dwell on death-bed scenes of her late friends and relatives, particularly the administration of extreme unction. To his childish ear the phrase took on the sound of "extra munition." From this he deduced that when a person was ordinarily sick, he received something known as "munition," which, when he became seriously ill, was doubled or intensified, viz., extra munition.

Lastly, a third guest told how in his native Lancashire it is the custom in middle-class households for every member of the family to take turns at mixing the Christmas plum pudding in a large bowl, which custom is popularly known as "stirring." Bearing this in mind, when he recited the couplet: "Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," it brought visions of a family whose Christmas would be void of the conventional dessert. Not even a mouse lent its aid to the culinary preparation, and hence—oh, unhappy household!—no plum pudding.

The attendant in the dentist's office approached the man with the swollen jaw who had just entered. "Do you want to have a tooth extracted?" she inquired. "Want to!" he snorted. "Want to? What do you think I am, a lunatic? I've got to."—Ann Arbor Chapparral.

BOTHA AND LAURIER.

WILL THE CANADIAN PREMIER  
ACCEPT THE INVITATION  
TO TRANSVAAL?

General Botha, Premier of the Transvaal, has invited Sir Wilfrid Laurier to visit South Africa. Of course, it is questionable as yet whether or not he will be able to accept the invitation, but it is certain that if he goes that he will receive from all sections of the populace a cordial and unaffected welcome. It is very interesting to note how the name of this country abroad has grown in the past few years. The general trade has been greatly improved through this increase of knowledge, particularly in sister colonies like South Africa. For example, some months ago the people of Barkly East desired to do honor to Mr. R. C. Lloyd, who had occupied with distinguished success the position of Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate for three years. Accordingly they presented him with a congratulatory address, and an eighty-guinea piano, which they ordered from Canada. The instrument was a Gourlay, made by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming of Toronto. The following presentation plate was engraved and attached to the instrument: "Presented to R. C. Lloyd, Esq., Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate, by the citizens of Barkly East town and district, on his promotion to Barkly West." Barkly West is about fourteen miles from Kimberley, and the piano was three months on the journey. Here is what the recipient says about the instrument: "Some four months have elapsed since we received the Gourlay piano which was shipped to us last July. After three months' travelling and some very rough handling in this country, the piano was found to be in perfect order. The instrument has now stood the test of a very hot summer, which has had no effect upon it in any way whatsoever. In appearance and finish, in tone and mechanism, your piano leaves nothing to be desired, and I can safely say that I do not know of any other make of piano (and I have seen some very good ones) to equal the one that you have sent me. All friends and others who have seen it pronounce it to be in every respect better than anything they have previously seen." Evidently Sir Wilfrid Laurier could not be received better than the Gourlay piano will.

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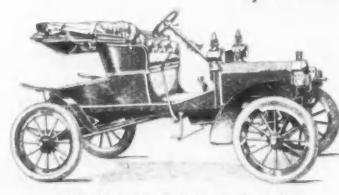


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## SPORTING COMMENT

continent can produce, and the signs that we are waking up to the fact are an indication of a healthy growth, and show we are willing to take a chance anyway.

An impression is gaining ground that the time is really ripe for making the Canadian championships an event open to the United States as well as Canada. We are not children, to be frightened by such bogies as Travis, Byers, and Egan being waved in front of our eyes, and if we have no players over here with sufficient ability to keep the title on this side of the line, the way to develop them is in open competition against the best amateurs they have over the border.

#### After Two Rounds of Golf.

ALFRED SHRUBB, the English distance runner, has come to America for the purpose of running exhibition races here and in the United States, and it looks as though he is going to have difficulty in finding anyone fast enough in the "pro" ranks on this side of the pond.

For years he made a show of his competitors in England, and his name and achievements were well known to sport-loving readers all over the world. Stimulated by his success, and looking for more worlds to conquer, he undertook a tour of Australia, with the inevitable result—expulsion from the amateur ranks. Having a wife and child to support, he is now over here in an endeavor to acquire a little gate money, and perhaps a quiet bet or two on the side.

This is going to be a matter of some difficulty. There are certainly no runners in the "pro" ranks over here who can stay with him if he runs up to his form, and any amateur who is good enough to give him a tight race would think twice before doing it. The professional runner doesn't cut the figure he used to, and his opportunities are few and far between, so the inducements held forth for the amateur to desert his principles are not very convincing.

What brings the matter into prominence here is the fact that Shrub's American manager has been corresponding with Longboat with the idea of arranging a match, and knowing as he does, the crowd such an event would draw, has made some tempting offers. These were declined with thanks, as Longboat has his eye on the Olympic Marathon in England, and until he gets that off his mind will be "not in" to callers with cash propositions.

THE story of the fake worked off on the dear public by the Pacific Athletic Club, aided and abetted by Jack O'Brien and Tommy Burns (formerly Mr. Noah Bruso of Hanover, Ont.) makes nice light reading for these summer evenings. The only persons who can extract no humor from the situation are those unfortunate who paid fancy prices for seats, and any laughter they may indulge in has a forced unnatural sound.

The axiom of the late P. T. Barnum, that the American public likes to be humbugged, has its eloquent illustration every now and then in boxing affairs, and that sufficient spectators for a quorum can be gathered together but illustrates the sweet trustfulness of the average human.

THE good news has gone forth that several of the American golfing cracks are coming over here in August to spy out the land, and incidentally give us a chance to see how we measure up against them.

Last year, A. W. Tillinghast of Philadelphia, was the only American entry in the Lambton open tournament, and he worked his way to the finals, falling down to Fritz Martin by a very narrow margin. After his return to the States Mr. Tillinghast wrote an article for a golfing magazine, which spoke in the highest terms of the tournament and the course, and prophesied a large American entry this year, and now a despatch comes from New York giving names and dates.

Looking over the list, we see such names as Fred Herreshoff of Garden City (a club-mate of J. M. Travis), Jerome D. Travers of Montclair, Dr. Fredericks of Oil City, Geo. Lafferty of Chevy Chase, and Howard Perrin of Philadelphia. Every one of these gentlemen is a player of note. Travers and Herreshoff, though just entering manhood, are seasoned players with plenty of tournament experience, and have several notable performances to their credit. Lafferty, Perrin, and Fredericks are always up near the top when they compete, and it's an even chance that Canadian golfers will have to travel their fastest to stay in the hunt.

One reason for the comparatively slow improvement in the Canadian game has been the lack of open events like this. Trophy matches and inter-club fixtures are excellent in their way, but there is nothing that will take the place of tournament experience as a means of giving a player confidence and an estimate of how good or bad his game really is.

We have outgrown our swaddling-clothes in this game, and can afford to risk competition with the best this

do, but I'm a busy man, and I'm better out of it. Golf's an amusement with me, not a pursuit in life, not a career. The way I like to play golf is with my friends—to get the open air, the exercise, good comradeship. I never enjoy a game so much as one with you or with some other old friend. But excuse me just now, I've got to be off."

Much depends on the roll of the ball in the game of golf. If you could pick horses at the Woodbine the way you can pick winners in the locker room of a golf club the "bookies" would vanish.

#### LOFTER.

**The Storm.**  
What do they hunt to-night, the  
hounds of the wind?  
I think it is joy they hunt, for joy  
has fled from my heart.  
I only remember the hours when I  
sorrowed or sinned,  
I only remember the hours when I  
stood apart  
Lonely and tired in difficult dreams  
entranced,  
And I forgot the days when I loved  
and laughed and danced.

Gray hounds of the wind, I hear your  
wistful cry,  
The cry of unsatisfied hearts hungry  
for happiness,  
The house is full of whispering ghosts  
as you hurry by,  
And my soul is heavy and dark with  
a great distress,  
For heaven is far away, and hope is  
dead;  
And the night is a tomb of tears, and  
despair, and dread.

Oh, hunt no more, wild hounds of the  
wind and rain.  
For my soul is afraid of the sound of  
your hastening feet,

And surely under the stars a beauti-  
ful joy is slain?  
Fly! black wings of sorrow, . . . wet  
wings of the right that beat  
At the shuttered windows and swiftly  
fly away  
Before the Sun-God gathers the golden  
flower of Day.

#### The London Academy.

"Yes," he said, "we had a mighty close match, but I pulled it off." Then he told me a few of those details that the winner of a golf game always feels sure ought to be written into the history of the nation.

"This handicap tournament is a fine thing for the club," Smithers assured me with enthusiasm. "See the way it brings golfers together who seldom meet on the course. It shuffles them up and gets them acquainted, and one man can get a line on the play of others. It creates something like a proper club feeling."

"Yes, it does," savagely interrupted a third party, who had just stepped up and overheard Smithers' last observation. "I got beaten to-day by a man whom I've seen on this course a hundred times—three times teeing off and ninety-seven times up to his knees in bunkers or fishing balls out of water hazards. Why, for two years I regarded him as a man hired by the club to work in the bunkers, and once when he was retrieving balls from the creek I threatened to have him discharged because he would not wade in for mine. I only learned my mistake one day when I saw him driving off a tee and learned that he was a member. Well, I played this sand-digger, this ponderer, to-day, and I'll be hanged if he put his ball into a hazard once all the way round, and I had to allow him strokes on eleven holes. Every time we got near a bunker I'd expect to see him take to his favorite haunts, but he didn't—and I did. Oh, yes, this kind of a match gets us acquainted and produces excellent feeling!" He was quite red hot as he strode away.

Smithers was amused. "You know," he said "it's a funny thing the way some fellows reveal their soreness when they lose. However, I was saying I didn't miss a single drive all the way round."

"You were saying," I reminded him, "that you consider these trophy competitions great civilizers."

"So I do, in most instances—not in the case of—" and he nodded in the direction of the man who had interrupted. "Ordinarily a man gets into the way of playing with one or two cronies—he ought to get out and measure strokes with all comers and that's just what a club trophy competition forces him to do."

No doubt Smithers is right.

Last Saturday night, after the second round of the competition, I found Smithers tossing his traps into his locker and offered him a cigarette, which he declined.

"I've got to hurry to-night," he said. "I must be off. I've an appointment."

He seemed to read a question in my eyes. "Yes," he said "I'm down and out, and I'm glad of it. This having to play once a week, or twice, in a trophy series may be all right for those who have nothing else to



MAY 18, 1907.

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## OFF GUARD

By Camille Mauclair

**H**AVING assured himself that not a living soul was near this sequestered spot, meagrely illuminated by a few isolated gas lanterns and the pale radiance of the moon, Victor Deleutre heaved a deep sigh of relief and leaning for a moment against the stone parapet of the bridge, waited for the violent throbbing of his heart to subside into its normal beat. Then, very carefully and without the least manifestation of haste, he examined his attire and found it had not in any way become disarranged.

After all, the struggle had been a short one; and to hurl Julian Naviere into the Seine, Deleutre had caught him entirely off his guard and with such dexterity of hold, that a realization of peril must have come to his victim when it was too late. A gurgling cry of despair, and Naviere had disappeared beneath the dark and swiftly flowing waters of the river. No other sound had disturbed the tranquility of the night.

Deleutre was not long in gaining complete control over himself, yet he lingered for a moment or two at his post. On yonder side of the river, some distance from where he stood, but far enough that no one could have seen what had happened on the bridge, there lay a number of life-boats. He waited lest one of these might be pushed from its moorings out on the river in response to Naviere's cry of distress, but discerned no signs of activity. There was deathlike stillness all around. Evidently there had been no witness to the deed. Then he moved. With a long steady stride he left the bridge, the faint rays of the moon, now risen higher in the starlit heaven, encompassing his athletic frame with a dim and weird lustre.

Deleutre was a business man of a cool calculating disposition. He had attended a commercial banquet, that had lasted well into the night. As he was leaving, Julian Naviere, his competitor in business, offered his company and not being able to secure a

"In reply to your favor of the . . . inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of . . . inst. Mr. Victor Deleutre, threw Mr. Julian Naviere into the Seine river from the Grenelle bridge."

He paused. He felt a chill creep

slumber untroubled by either dreams or morbid fancies. When he at length awoke it was broad day. He arose, dressed himself with care and attended to his regular duties with customary punctiliousness. Absolute calm seemed to reside within him; nor did his thoughts cling to the recollection of the preceding night's drama; only from time to time would they revert to it. Not until he had arrived at his office and there disposed of his mail did he reflect upon his deed. With the methodical precision of the trained professional he passed in review in logical sequence the separate circumstances that had led up to the murder. He was sensible of a certain callous apathy towards the moral phase of his act. He felt neither contented, nor distressed at the death of Naviere; yet he was alive to the fact of having committed a crime. But what seemed to appeal to him more forcibly was the circumstances that his friend's demise would result in a pecuniary profit to himself; and he began to ponder over the manner and means by which he might with prudence repair his recent losses with his most dangerous competitor removed. Fear of discovery seemed absent. Indeed, he was quite astonished at his calmness and at a strange feeling of superiority and self-reliance, which appeared to raise him above all considerations of moral guilt or thought of personal peril.

He ate a hearty lunch and smoked his cigar with an apparent relish. After returning to the seclusion of his office he again fell to musing, when he was abruptly arrested by an extraordinary impulse. On his desk before him lay his open letter copy book. With an air of complete abstraction he drew from his pocket a pencil and in a bold hand on the blank page of the copy book he wrote:

"In reply to your favor of the . . . inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of . . . inst. Mr. Victor Deleutre, threw Mr. Julian Naviere into the Seine river from the Grenelle bridge."

"In reply to your favor of the . . . inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of . . . inst. Mr. Victor Deleutre threw Mr. Julian Naviere into the Seine river from the Grenelle bridge."

"In reply to your favor of the . . . inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of . . . inst. Mr. Victor Deleutre threw Mr. Julian Naviere into the Seine river from the Grenelle bridge."

"What are you doing, Mr. Deleutre? I asked you only for your signature."

Deleutre looked blankly at the official. "I am through," he mumbled. "All you need now is the date." He started. The veil of oblivion lifting as suddenly as it had enshrouded his mind, exposed to him with awful vividness the harrowing consequences that would follow in the train of this fatal lapse. An ashy pallor spread over his features. In speechless terror and with trembling knees he tottered forward and reached for the document—too late.—Translated from the French.

An easterner publisher is boasting a new novel by inserting this "personal" in the daily papers: "If the lady with dark hair and an absorbed expression in a Fourth Avenue car yesterday, who became provoked because the gentleman in front turned over page of his novel before she had finished reading it over his shoulder, will send her name and address and \$1.20 to any bookseller who will be spared in the future the necessity of manifesting her displeasure at such rudeness. Mention (here follows the name of the book) to avoid errors."—Editor.

She (sympathetically)—"And that scar on your face is from a bullet wound? How was it that you were shot in the face?"

Spanish War Veteran—"I foolishly looked back."

"Money," said Uncle Eben, "habwings, an' it depends on circumstances whether it acts like an eagle or a goose."—Washington Star.

The man who's "loaded" need not complain if he gets "fired."—Bruce Times.

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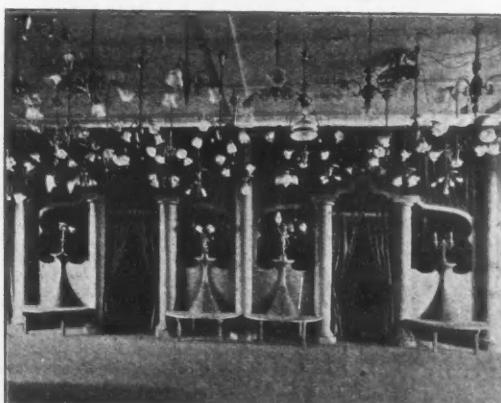
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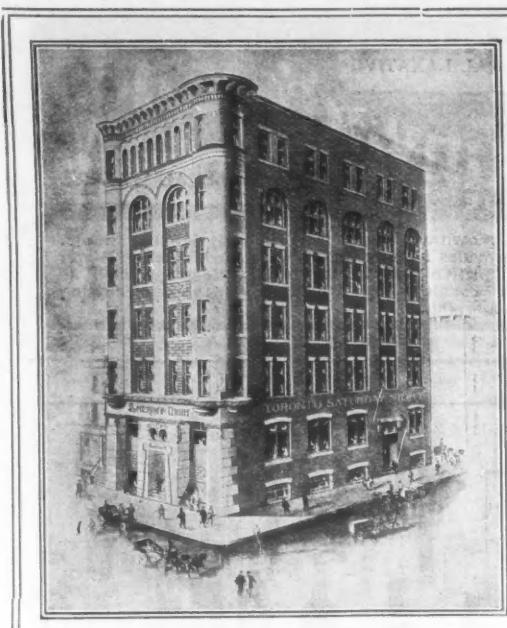
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"In reply to your favor of the . . . inst. we hasten to inform you that on the night of . . ."

cab proposed a walk in the cold crisp October air. Deleutre accepted, although he could not bear the man. More than once of late he had been severely hit financially by Naviere's foresight and cunning and even now, under the influence of the banquet's liquid concomitants, the man made bold to speak quite freely of still greater plans, which revealed to Deleutre's view an endless store of future troubles. But he showed nothing of impatience in his manner. Indeed, he listened attentively, though with a growing inward irritation. Then of a sudden, as they neared the bridge, an uncontrollable desire arose within him to rid himself of this dangerous rival by one fell blow. A terrible determination and a peculiar indifference to consequences had taken possession of him. The possibility of committing a crime blazed upon his feverish imagination simultaneously with a lightning consideration of the means by which to execute it. He, Deleutre, otherwise deliberate and self-possessed, felt himself unexpectedly under the spell of a strange and horrible impulse, which seemed to cause his hands, as it were, to move in reflex action, as they clutched his companion's throat and shoulder and hurled him to his watery grave.

He made his way home unmolested, went to bed, and fell into a deep sleep. Mr. Deleutre was asked to appear



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.  
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## "Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

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## Points About People

FEW Torontonians are aware of the unique position this city occupied in the last year of the American Civil War. In that year the northern generals, Sherman, Sheridan and Grant, inaugurated their policy of devastation, of making smiling agricultural districts wildernesses that would not support a dog, and by way of reprisal Jefferson Davis decided to send a number of the most daring of southern officers, especially men who had shown great cunning and courage in escaping from northern prisons to Canada, with a view to organizing secret projects of revenge in the north. Only now are the facts beginning to come out, because for obvious reasons the brave but desperate men involved did not proclaim to the citizens what their business was and only of late years has the hatchet been buried deep enough to make revelations safe. Walls, being alleged to have ears, if the walls of the Queen's Hotel could speak they could tell of conspiracies as dark and cunning as any ever recorded. The central figure in it all was one of the most popular figures in Toronto's society in that day, and though nominally located in Toronto as a convenient point for peace negotiations, he was really financing the operations of as dare devil a group of patriots as the dark ages ever produced. They were nearly all young men who had been ruined financially and suffered the loss of fathers and brothers in the war, and were ready to stop at nothing.

Last year the memoirs of one of these men, Lieutenant John W. Headley, were published under the title "Confederate Operations in Canada and New York," and for some reason or other have attracted little or no attention, although in the latter portion of his book it is shown that the Queen's hotel was one of the headquarters of the Confederate campaign. Colonel Jacob Thompson, who at the time so ingratiated himself with the city of Toronto, had been a member of the Cabinet in Buchanan's administration immediately preceding that of Lincoln, and won the friendship of all the leading politicians and officials of this city. At the same time the city was flooded with American secret service officers, but he seems to have carried on his underground operations so skillfully that it was only through the treachery of the man he deemed his most intimate friend, a man bearing the name of Godfrey P. Hyams, that his plots were frustrated. According to Headley's memoirs the plots were hatched at the Queen's hotel, Toronto, and partially carried out in the last six months of 1864 included.

(1) A scheme to arm and suddenly rouse "The Sons of Liberty," an organization 300,000 strong, with headquarters at Chicago. This was made up of anti-war Democrats who desired to establish an independent republic in the Northwestern States. This failed because the northern secessionists weakened on the deal which had been finally drawn up at London, Ont.

(2) The famous plan to capture the gunboat Michigan and release the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie. This failed largely because of the efforts of John W. Murray, and is told of in "The Memoirs of a Great Detective." Headley apparently does not know of Murray's book, and is unaware of just how, on the day planned for the execution of the plot, the chief operator, Colonel Cole, was run down at Sandusky, Ohio, and arrested. He did not know Cole, but was one of the men who seized the steamer Philo Parsons and caused the famous piracy cases which occupied the Toronto courts for months.

(3) The scheme to simultaneously burn all the leading

hotels and theatres of New York city, which failed owing to the fact that the bottles of phosphorus used were easily extinguished. All the eight men involved escaped in the confusion to Toronto. Headley tells calmly how he personally fired four hotels, including the Astor House, and says that similar schemes were framed at the Queen's to burn Chicago, Cincinnati and Boston.

(4) A plan to derail the train between Buffalo and Dunkirk and rescue seven captured Confederate officers. The obstruction on the track was insufficient, and the train merely stopped, obliging the rescuers to fly. Two were caught and hanged for previous plots. The others came back and resumed winter sports in Toronto.

## Conspiracies in Toronto. \* \* \*

ALL this was plotted in Toronto with the police of Canada watching with extreme vigilance under pressure from Great Britain for breaches of the neutrality laws, and the eyes of the American secret service everywhere. The events came thick and fast upon each other, showing the remarkable ingenuity of these score or more of men. Colonel Thompson's method was to keep them away from him. They lived in a quiet way, in boarding houses, making friends only with proven Canadians, and they met the chief only by proxy or in secrecy.

Headley avers that all these plans would have succeeded if it had not been for the detective work of Godfrey J. Hyams, whom some old-time Torontonians may remember, for he was afterwards a witness in the famous trial at Toronto of Bennett H. Young for violation of the neutrality laws. In those days he was a noted figure about the Queen's hotel, spent a great deal of money and was supposed to be an ardent southern partisan. Bennett H. Young is the man who was alluded to in a paragraph in these columns last week as a close friend of the late Mr. Hogan of St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal. It was in the latter hotel that Young plotted the successful raid on St. Albans, Vermont, which alarmed the whole north and forced Lincoln to recall sixty thousand troops from the front. Sir John Abbott was Young's lawyer, and carried his case to a successful issue after three trials. He is still a prominent citizen of Louisville, Kentucky.

Headley avers that he and one or two associates, fearing extradition proceedings after their incendiary expedition to New York, went at night to the home of "Hon. John McDonald" and retained him for their defence, because he was a good lawyer and a popular man favorable to the Confederate cause. This cannot have been Sir John, because in the winter of 1864-5 he was too much engrossed with projects of confederation to take private practice, even when out of power. The revelations which are being made, however, serve to show that though it may be probable now there was no lack of lurid romance under the lid in 1864.

## \* \* \*

## Of Untutored Mind.

M R. W. B. THOMSON, of Orillia, has just returned from a trip three hundred miles north of Prince Albert, Sask., and relates several interesting anecdotes that he picked up, illustrative of the great simplicity of the Indians. While stopping at Green Lake, Hudson Bay Post, a Mr. Isbester, a farmer there, who is the son of a Scotchman and a half-breed woman, said that his mother, some years ago, trapped five black foxes, and on selling three to the company received as follows: one darning-needle, six fine needles and one spool of black thread, while for the other two pelts she was given three yards of print. The following morning, after hearing this story, when the party was leaving a Mr. MacKay, of the Hudson Bay Co., was saying that the party would hardly ever meet again in this world.

"Nor are we likely to meet in the next," added Mr. Beatty, also of the Hudson Bay Co., "for I expect that owing to their severe trials, the Lord will reserve a special preserve for the Hudson Bay officials in Heaven."

"Remember that when you come to settle with the Lord," said Mr. Thomson, in reply, "you will not be trading a darning-needle for a black fox skin."

Distances are almost entirely estimated by the time consumed. Mr. Thomson asked the length of Keg Lake of a half-breed and was told twelve miles. After driving to the other end he met the breed again.

"That lake is not twelve miles long," he said.

"If you drive slow it is, but if you drive fast it is only six," replied the breed.

## \* \* \*

## When E. B. Eddy was Kidnapped.

A STORY told the writer the other day by an old resident of Pontiac county throws some light on the rough and ready political methods practised a generation ago. The modern methods of the mechanical trick ballot-box and the dexterous ballot-switching may be more scientific, more in accord with the spirit of the age, but they are certainly not more effective than the trick resorted to many years ago in Pontiac, the most westerly county of the province of Quebec. At that time Pontiac was pretty much of a backwoods country, being in the transition stage between a collection of lumber camps and a settlement of frontier farmers. The men were big burly fellows, accustomed to bush life and roughing it a bit. The late E. B. Eddy, who died the "match king of Canada," had then large lumber interests in Pontiac, and when an election came on he conceived the idea that he would be a fit and proper person to represent the county in Parliament in opposition to the sitting member who had a strong personal following, but not so long a purse as had Mr. Eddy. At that time there was not a railway in the country, and Mr. Eddy made the journey from Hull up to the little village of Shawville in a sleigh, for the election was held in mid-winter. He intended to spend a day in the little village, and then go on to Byron, the county town, for the nomination, which in these rural constituencies, is a big event, the real field day of the campaign.

Night had set in when he reached Shawville, and alighting from his sleigh he hurried into the one hotel the village possessed. A group of rough-looking men stood about the roaring hall stove, and the moment Mr. Eddy drew near a huge buffalo-robe was thrown over his head, he was carried upstairs and thrust into a room, and there he was a prisoner, kidnapped by men who were opposed to his political aspirations and determined to thwart them at any cost. A guard was kept on the room night and day. Mr. Eddy's meals were passed into him, but he saw no one and was not allowed to communicate

with anyone. His driver was cared for in a similar although somewhat rougher way, and there they were, both "caged, cabined and confined" for a whole week.

In the meantime nomination day came on at Bryson. Of course Mr. Eddy did not appear; his friends thought he had abandoned the contest, and nothing was done. The sitting member was, of course, declared elected by acclamation, and that was all there was about it.

Upon being released, Mr. Eddy vowed all sorts of vengeance upon his kidnappers. He would go up to his limits, raise a force and come back and "clean out the village," and he would go into court and upset the election. Whatever may have influenced Mr. Eddy, he carried out none of his threats; he returned to his home in Hull and the whole matter dropped.

## \* \* \*

## Poupore of Pontiac.

A MAN who, in later years, enjoyed a strong hold upon the confidence of the people of Pontiac county was Mr. W. J. Poupore, known to-day as a great contractor both of wharf-building in Montreal and of railway work in various parts of Canada. He always was a big, jovial, hail-fellow sort of a man, and he has changed very little in appearance since the days when he stumped the big county which switches to the westward to the shores of Lake Temiskaming and northward to the farthest confines of the province of Quebec. The National Policy campaign sent Mr. Poupore to Ottawa in 1878, but a few years later he went to Quebec, and for a long time represented the county in the Legislature. His "running mate" was the late John Bryson, who sat for Pontiac in the House of Commons from 1882 up to his death in 1891. Pontiac is a big county to canvass, having, for instance, an area more than twelve times that of the county of Middlesex, Ont. Big as it is, the two made a tour at every election of the entire county. They sent broadcast a printed hand-bill, announcing the date and hour of each meeting which, except in villages, was held in a district school house, school often being dismissed for half a day in order to give the orators use of the building. Of the two Mr. Poupore was by far the better speaker, and in fact he developed into a good campaign talker, fluent in both languages, clear and quite forceful. He knew the people of Pontiac and understood how to interest them. He came back to Ottawa at a bye-election in 1896, and then he cut away from politics and began to build wharves and canals and railways. In about everything he put his hand to he has been successful, and his success has been largely due to an untiring industry.

## \* \* \*

## Another Pontiac Man.

A N old-time representative of Pontiac, who rose high in the public service, was the late Hon. R. L. Church, who died a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench of the province of Quebec. He began life as a doctor of medicine, but after practising a short time he decided that the legal profession would suit him better, so back he went to McGill, took the law course, and in due time was admitted to the bar. He practised in Montreal, and in time became an authority on corporation law. He was a man of striking appearance, tall, erect and dignified, wearing long Lord Dundreary-like side whiskers, now so seldom seen. For a considerable time he was crown prosecutor, and it was a treat to hear him examine or cross-question a medical expert put into the box. Often, to his surprise and confusion, the expert would find that the examining lawyer knew as much medicine as himself—that he was "up against the real thing" and not a lawyer who had crammed up a few terms and general principles from a hasty reading of popular works on medical jurisprudence.

Pontiac sent Mr. Church to Quebec, and there he was chosen Speaker of the House of Assembly. Then he was taken into the De Boucherville Ministry. From 1874 to 1883 he was Attorney-General, and from the later date to 1883 Provincial Treasurer. He was an effective debater, and the bar regarded him as a sound and exceedingly painstaking judge.

## \* \* \*

## Another Canadian Gets There.

D R. THOMAS MACRAE, associate professor of medicine at the Johns Hopkins University, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London. Dr. Macrae is a Guelph boy, and a graduate of the University of Toronto. After serving as house physician at the Toronto General Hospital he went to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, where he became the first assistant in the medical clinic. He is now one of the teachers of medicine in the medical school, and in practice in Baltimore.

It is many years since a Canadian has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians—the last one was Dr. Osler in 1883.

## \* \* \*

Carl Schurz in his reminiscences in McClure's for May tells some amusing anecdotes about President Lincoln, among them being this one: One of the many foreigners who sought my intercession was a young German count whose identity was vouched for by a member of the Prussian legation. He had a long row of ancestors whom he traced back for several hundred years. He was greatly impressed with the importance of this fact and thought it would weigh heavily in securing him a position in our army. If he could only have an "audience" with the president and lay his case before him he believed, the result could not be doubtful. He pursued me so ardently with the request for a personal introduction to Mr. Lincoln that at last I succumbed and promised to introduce him if the president permitted. The president did permit. The count spoke English moderately well, and in his ingenious way he at once explained to Mr. Lincoln how high the nobility of his family was and that they had been counts so-and-so many centuries. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, interrupting him, "that need not trouble you. That will not be in your way if you behave yourself as a soldier." The poor count looked puzzled, and when the audience was over he asked me what in the world the president could have meant by so strange a remark.

## \* \* \*

When Mr. W. T. Stead was in Toronto he said that the first time he met Mr. William R. Hearst, the millionaire proprietor of The New York American, he found the latter in his shirt-sleeves bringing out his paper. The Saturday Evening Post adds that when Mr. Hearst wants to look at his newspapers he spreads them out on the floor and gets down on his knees as he used to when he was a boy.

## \* \* \*

Three high-class Chinese women are now numbered among the pupils of Wells College, Aurora, N.Y.—Mrs. Bien, who before her marriage was Miss Li, the granddaughter of Earl Li Hung Chang; Miss Chang the daughter of the governor of the Province of Alim Lim, and Mrs. Aze, whose grandfather is now one of the ministers of the celestial empire and is connected with all important movements in Peking.

## My Dog and I.

WHEN day is done and even' shadows fall,  
And garb the greyling world in softest pall,  
We sometimes sit alone—my dog and I—  
And from my heavy heart there comes a sigh,  
And then—he wags his tail.

Full well I know he means to comfort me,  
To spare me hurt, from sorrow keep me free,  
I tell him of my troubles, great and small,  
And patiently he listens to them all,  
And then—just wags his tail.

When friends desert, as friends sometimes will do;  
When days are dark and skies of leaden hue,  
I put my arm about his neck, and we  
Forget that life means trial and strife, while he—  
While he—just wags his tail.

Old dog, you are a faithful friend indeed;  
A constant comfort, too, in time of need.  
In eloquence your dumbness makes you great—  
An evil hour, when you will hesitate  
To wag—to wag your tail.

IVAN LEONARD.

Thornhill, Ont.

## The Maxims of Methuselah.

M Y son, wouldst thou flatter women? I counsel thee, avoid generalities, say not unto her, Thou art fair, my love, thou rejoicest my heart with thy comeliness.

2. But let thy words be definite; go thou into details, and it will cause her much joy.

3. Say unto her, Lo, thy nostrils are proud, they show thy caste; and thine ear is like unto a seashell, it is far too little. How cunning are the tips of thy fingers, and the line of thine eyebrows, naught can excel.

4. For she knoweth her points; good and bad knoweth she them all, from the greatest unto the smallest. Thou canst not teach her.

5. Her mirror instructeth her, lo, she knoweth her frame. Ask her and she shall tell thee, that thou mayest contradict.

6. She knoweth the excellencies of her rivals, and if she hath a thick wrist of every other woman's wrist shall she be acquainted.

7. She weareth a number three shoe, for it is a comfort unto her feet; but if thou askest her will she say: Lo, a two and a-half, it is my size.

8. Knowest thou a woman who criticizeth not her sisters' attire? I say unto thee, there is not one of them ignorant, nay, not one who shall not point out their faults, and counsel them what they should wear.

9. Though she dresseth like an art-student, yet is she a competent authority.

10. She whom thou lovest must laugh when thou laughest, and weep when thou weepest; but if she weep when thou laughest and laugh when thou weepest, woe be unto thee!

11. Like the alarm clock that goeth off at 7 a.m., so is she who sayeth: I told you so!

12. But a woman who dallieth and is tardy, she is like an upper stain that is not there: she shall cause thee to curse.

13. Now I called upon a matron; at her house I paid my visit, and I found a bore there.

14. And he tarried.

15. And he tarried.

16. And he tarried.

17. While his back was turned, while he discoursed of the weather and the theatre and of Bernard Shaw, while he puffed himself up and vaunted his

# THE MIKADO AND THE CENSOR

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

**O**N March 14, 1885,

at the Savoy Theatre in London, England,

"The Mikado, or The Town of Titipu," had its first performance. Because of three or four previous successes of the authors, W. S. Gilbert, librettist, and Arthur Sullivan, composer, good entertainment was expected, but nothing so delightful as this comic opera proved to be had been anticipated.

London, so to speak, went wild. The fame of the opera went speedily around the English-speaking world. Companies were hastily organized for provincial tours. Travellers from America sojourning in London, having heard it once, went again—twice and thrice in the same week. In the following autumn, when the work reached New York, the same experience was repeated. Company after company had to be organized, given a brief training, and sent forth to satisfy the demand of the myriad cities of this continent to hear this work. In Toronto, then a city boasting but one theatre, three separate engagements were played to enormous business in one season, and this was typical of the success of the opera in every town of any wealth in America. It reaped for its authors and their partner, the late D'Oyly Carte, immense revenues, enough to compensate them for the numerous failures of after years—for "The Mikado" was the last success of Gilbert and Sullivan, though the score by no means represented the final or best achievement of the composer.

Six or seven years previously they had experienced a similar boom on a smaller scale when "Pinafore" was produced. Having taken no precautions to protect their interests in this fragile piece, it was promptly pirated, and the profits they won were comparatively small. Having been taught by experience, precautions were taken whereby all the profits due to the creators were collected, and for twenty-two years the work has continued to be one of the most valuable theatrical properties the world has ever known. Within the past few weeks the Lord Chamberlain of England, whose servant the censor and licenser of plays is, has confiscated this property so far as the British Isles are concerned. Luckily the British censorship does not extend beyond the seas that bound those isles, and anyone may produce the work in Canada so long as he pays the royalties. Indeed, it is probable that the advertisement of the piece has obtained by becoming an international question will lead to its revival in the United States and other countries.

The great "Mikado" boom continued for two or three years as a managerial proposition, after which it passed into the repertoire of summer opera companies and amateur singing societies. It was the attempted revival of it on a sumptuous scale in London this season that brought about the prohibition. Though no reason is vouchsafed, rumor has it that this was by direct interposition of the King, who felt that the character of the work was an affront to the Japanese people, to whom the Mikado is a deity.

In the twenty-two years since the work was produced a new generation of playgoers has grown up, many of whom know of "The Mikado" as a legend. They probably know some of its airs—if not in their original form, in the various guises in which they have been used by the scores of light composers who have since filched them. To these and to some of the old playgoers to whom the work is but a vague and pleasant memory, a brief recapitulation may be interesting.

At the time when "The Mikado" was produced Japan was not the prosaic "first-class power" that it is to-day. It was vaguely thought of as a far-away fairy land like the dream country of Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters." England was avid for new art movements, and the great painter, Whistler, by assimilating certain methods of the Japanese artists, had created a vogue for everything pertaining to that land. It was an offshoot of that aesthetic craze which in 1881 Gilbert had satirized so imminently with his production of "Patience." Gilbert, though a paradox maker, was in his prime a shrewd judge of the public mind. He had shown it in "Pinafore" when the English people were agitated over the declining condition of the navy. When "The Pirates of Penzance" was presented, with the satirical military character of Major-General Stanley, the public was disgusted about the Majuba Hill episode. In taking up the Japanese craze he chose to make Japan a topsy-turvy kingdom as marvellous as Alice's "Wonderland." But at the same time he preserved for the eye the picturesque qualities of Japanese art. It was remarked at the time how suggestive the tableaux were of the pictures then in vogue. The idea was sounded by the opening chorus of men in gorgeous costumes standing stiffly as though upon fan or screen:

"If you think we are worked by strings  
Like a Japanese marionette,  
You don't understand these things;  
It is simply court etiquette."

The satire in "The Mikado," however, is more genial than in "The Pirates." The latter had nothing to do with Japan, but dealt in a light-hearted way with officialdom in general. As has been intimated, Gilbert had dealt more or less mordantly with home institutions. In "Trial by Jury" he laughed at the judiciary; in "Pinafore" he almost scared the censor by his treatment of the first Lord of the Admiralty; in "The Pirates" the army got some raps; in "Iolanthe" the House of Lords was the butt, and the professional aesthetes were laughed out of existence. In "The Mikado" he seemed to have no purpose but to make good sport.

It is true that the Emperor of Japan is represented as a sort of comic Nero (who was also a deity), but in a manner so lively and so jocund that the Mikado, who must have a shrewd suspicion that he is not a demi-god might laugh at it himself. The satire is more forceful in the character of Pooh-Bah, a nepotist who has appropriated nearly every state office to himself—a pompous bribe-taker and a solemn prevaricator. In naming this character Gilbert added a new word to the English language which will eventually get into the dictionaries. Every school boy knows the significance of the word "pooh-bah." Strangely enough this title and that of a minor character, Fish Tush, were taken from an early nonsense ballad of Gilbert's about a cannibal king. "The masculine type of woman is made fun of in Katisha; and the role of Koko, the Lord High Executioner, is pure fun, and the traditions of the part are largely bound up with

THE recent edict by which, through the official English censor and licenser of plays, the production of "The Mikado" has been prohibited in the British Isles, is causing world-wide comment. This prohibition, which also means confiscation, is said to have been decided upon for the reason that it, the most delightful of all English comic operas, might be offensive to the ruler and the people of Japan. It is interesting, therefore, just now to re-examine the story of "The Mikado," and to refresh the memory as to the details which might account for the censor's action.

the personality of Mr. George Grossmith, the original of the part who was in 1885 at the zenith of his fame as an eccentric comedian. The balance of the characters are merely singing roles with charming ditties to render.

The episodes from start to finish are solemnly ridiculous. It is essential to the effect of the piece that the characters should treat the fantastic complications as though they were serious. Nanki-Poo, heir to the throne, has fled from the court of his father the Emperor rather than wed the daughter-in-law-elect, Katisha. He disguises himself as second trombone in the town band of Titipu. Here he encounters the beauteous Yum Yum, and finds that she is pledged to wed the miserable little tailor, Koko, her guardian. The opera opens with his return to Titipu to gaze once more on his beloved. He finds that fortunes have changed. Koko is no longer a person of low degree, but has been chosen to the most honorable post in the town, that of High Executioner with a coadjutor, Pooh-Bah, who is Lord High Everything Else. The reason is explained to him. The Mikado has passed a decree against flirting and any man guilty of the crime shall beheaded. The Mikado's decree is circumvented and Koko, who is under death sentence, obtains his promotion in this wise:

"And so we straight let out on bail  
A convict from the county jail  
Whose head was next  
On some pretext  
Condemned to be hewn off,  
And made him Headsman, for we said  
'Who's next to be decapitated  
Cannot cut off another's head  
Until he's cut his own off.'

Shortly afterward Koko makes his entrance with his ditty "Taken from a Country Jail," followed by the famous topical song which gave a new cant phrase to the language:

"As some day it may happen that a victim must be found  
I've got a little list—I've got a little list—  
Of society offenders who might well be under ground  
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed."

In the original text the allusions were wholly British, and many versions of it have since been sung *ad lib.* to fit the topics of the day. There is certainly nothing to upset the polity of Japan in this patter song.

The entrance of the three little maids, the kissing duel between Yum Yum and Nanki-Poo, are dainty episodes, and the plot resumes when Koko learns that the Mikado is within a few weeks to visit the city. He at once assumes that the reason of the visit is that there have been no recent headbodings in Titipu. Pooh-Bah suggests to him that it is his duty to cut his own off, but this suggestion Koko rejects with emphasis. While he is in this quandary, Nanki Poo comes in preparing to kill himself, and after some excruciatingly funny dialogue an agreement is struck whereby Nanki Poo is to marry Yum Yum and after one month is to be beheaded. The act ends with the brilliant finale, "He's Going to Marry Yum Yum," interrupted by the entrance of Katisha, who recognizes the prospective bridegroom as the missing heir-apparent, but is shouted down by the chorus when she tries to tell who he is.

Act II. opens with the preparations for the wedding, containing two or three beautiful lyrics. Then the discovery is made that by the Mikado's decree, when a married man is decapitated, his wife must be buried alive. Yum Yum does not relish marriage under such conditions. Her position is stated by Koko:

"Here's a state of things!  
To her life she clings!  
Matrimonial devotion  
Doesn't seem to suit her notion.  
Burial it brings!  
Here's a state of things!"

Nanki Poo resolves to kill himself at once, despite Koko's protest that he is under contract to die at the hands of the public executioner; but Pooh-Bah arrives with the news that the Mikado is even then approaching the gates of the city. Koko is in a panic; Nanki Poo offers to serve as a victim immediately, but the executioner's nerve gives way. He couldn't kill a fly. He tells him to marry Yum Yum and clear out. The Mikado is announced with ceremony and enters accompanied by Katisha. The entrance is in part as follows:

MIKADO.—In a fatherly kind of way  
I govern each tribe and sect,  
All cheerfully own my sway.  
KATISHA.—Except his daughter-in-law-elect!

As tough as a bone,  
With a will of her own.  
Is his daughter-in-law-elect!

MIKADO.—My nature is love and light—  
My freedom from all defect.

KATISHA.—Is insignificant quite  
Compared with his daughter-in-law-elect!  
Bow! Bow!

To his daughter-in-law-elect.

The Mikado then sings his famous topical song:

"A more humane Mikado never  
Did in Japan exist;

To nobody second  
I'm certainly reckoned  
A true philanthropist.

It is my very humane endeavor  
To make to some extent  
Each evil liver

A running river  
Of innocent merriment.

My object all sublime  
I shall achieve in time—

To let the punishment fit the crime,  
The punishment fit the crime,  
And make each prisoner pent

Unwillingly represent

A source of innocent merriment,  
Of innocent merriment."

The verses which follow in the original song are full

of British allusions, dating from 1885; and many newer

verses have been sung.

Assuming that he has come to make an investigation

as to the paucity of decapitations, Koko, Pooh-Bah and a

female character, Pitti-Sing, chant a more harrowing ac-

count of imaginary execution of Nanki-Poo. The Mikado listens blandly, and then remarks: "All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it. But we came about a totally different matter." And then he intimates that he is in search of Nanki-Poo. Glancing at the death warrant, he finds that this is the victim just executed, and says. "Dear, dear, this is very tiresome. My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan. . . . It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he deserved all he got!"

Then, after all have thanked the monarch for his graciousness, he startles them by trying to recall the punishment for compassing the death of the heir-apparent and pondering, says: "Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know its something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come, don't fret—I'm not a bit angry."

They plead ignorance of the identity of the victim, who is supposed to be a second trombone.

KOKO.—If your majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea—

MIKADO.—Of course you hadn't. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately the fool of an act says: "Compassing the death of the heir-apparent." There's not a word about a mistake, or not knowing or having no notion. There should be, of course, but there isn't. That's the slovenly way in which these acts are drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session.

He fixes the execution for after luncheon, and blandly withdraws.

\* \* \*

The above are supposedly the passages which have led to the prohibition of the work. The denouement is reached in a characteristically Gilbertian way. Nanki-Poo is hunted up, but refuses to come back to life unless Koko relieves him by marrying Katisha. The Lord High Executioner wins her by professing infatuation and melts her heart with the burlesque sentimental ballad of the Little Tom Tit.

The Mikado returns with the remark that he has made a capital luncheon, and is ready for the rest of the entertainment. Nanki-Poo is produced, and the following explanation is made:

KOKO.—Your Majesty, it's like this: It is true I stated I had killed Nanki-Poo—

MIKADO.—Yes, with most affecting particulars.

POOH-BAH.—Merely corroborative detail intended to give verisimilitude to another wise bald and uninteresting narrative.

KOKO.—Will you refrain from putting in your oar! (To Mikado) It's like this: When Your Majesty says, "Let a thing be done," it's as good as done—practically it is done—because Your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says "Kill a gentleman," and the gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently the man is as good as dead—practically he is dead—and if he is dead, why not say so?

MIKADO.—I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory!

\* \* \*

Such is the gist of the most delightful comic opera that has been given to the English stage. In this recapitulation of the story the writer has dealt more particularly with those details which might account for the censor's decision. It may be added that there is not a dull line in it anywhere, and that the sparkling gaiety of the music never flags. It is replete with joyous lyrics. Curiously enough, Sullivan, in looking about for a Japanese theme for the Mikado's entrance, innocently selected that of a disrobing song of immoral significance. It is not probable, however, that this is the basis of the objection.

"The Mikado" did not prevent the cementing of the Japanese alliance. In fact the writer has been informed that years ago it was sung in Yokohama for the foreign colony under the title of "Three Little Maids," with the Mikado reduced to rank of the governor of a province. Plays have been enacted in England for years much more offensive to the Russian government. The British censor is a silent, mysterious being, and his decision must remain a marvel. It has been well said that this prohibition, which, as has been pointed out, is also confiscation is as arbitrary and ridiculous as anything in the text of the opera.

Toronto, May 15, '07.

Sydney Olivier, C.M.G., who has been appointed Governor of Jamaica to succeed Sir Alexander Swettenham, entered the Colonial Office at the time of the open competition twenty-five years ago. He has been Acting Colonial Secretary of British Honduras and Auditor-General of the Leeward Islands. He was Colonial Secretary of Jamaica for five years and Acting Governor in three different years. He has written many articles on socialism and economics.

Literary London is divided as to the suffragette agitation. The Argonaut notes that Miss Marie Corelli and Mrs. Humphrey Ward have declared against female voters, while on the other side are ranged Sarah Grand, Violet Hunt, and other skirted celebrities. Israel Zangwill, George Meredith, and Richard Whiteing are among the literary men who have declared for the suffragettes.

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When the tomb of Childeric (the father of Clovis) was opened, in 1653, there were found, besides the skeletons of his horse and page, his arms, crystal orb and other articles. There were also found more than three hundred models of what the French heralds mistook for bees, "of their urest gold, their wings being inlaid with a red stone, like carnelian." These "bees" were accordingly sprinkled over the imperial robe, as emblematical of enterprise and activity. But these small ornaments, resembling bees, were only what in French are called fleurons, supposed to have been attached to the harness of the awr-horse. Handfuls of them were found when the tomb was opened at Tournay, and sent to Louis XIV. They were deposited on a green ground at Versailles, which was adopted by Napoleon as the original Merovingian color. This fact was related to W. Ewart, M.P., by Augustin Thierry, the celebrated historian.

About forty years ago the adjudicators of the Arnold historical essay prize at Oxford University were wearily plowing through the usual lot of commonplace compositions, when they suddenly lighted on one which was not commonplace. The subject was "The Holy Roman Empire," says The Argonaut, and it is not too much to say that these cynical dons were electrified to enthusiasm. Hastily awarding it the prize, they opened the sealed envelope and found that it was the work of one James Bryce, aged twenty-five, who is now British Minister to the United States. His essay has been reproduced in several languages and to this day is a standard on the subject.

A writer in The Saturday Evening Post says eighty percent of Calgary is owned by Americans. It is surprising that a journal so usually well informed should make such a statement. The largest property owners in Calgary, such as Senator Lougheed, Judge Travis, Mr. Burns and others, are native-born Canadians. While Americans, or rather ex-Americans, hold a considerable amount of property in Calgary, it is safe to say that they are in the minority. At the same time, the ex-Americans of Calgary are counted as amongst our best and most enterprising citizens.—Calgary Herald.

## Authors Who are Men of Action.

THE lives of literary men are seldom many-sided, and afford poor pickings for the biographer in search of picturesque matter, says Life. Yet, continues that enteraining weekly, the list of writers who have been men of action, too, or whose careers encompass other forms of activity and experiment, is not inconsiderable. We submit some random notes of passing interest.

H. G. Wells is the son of a professional cricketer, and served as a draper's apprentice before he took to scientific studies and, later, to literature. Imagine the author of "A Modern Utopia" as a haberdasher. As Hedda Gabler's husband would say, "Fancy that!"

We talk of Americans as expert in "picking up" things. But consider the case of Bernard Shaw, in the days when there were no correspondence schools. Because his father had the bad judgment to go into business, for which he was unsuited, George Bernard's formal education was limited to what he could acquire up to the age of fourteen in a Methodist school in Dublin. Yet eventually he "picked up" enough exact information to act successively as art, music and dramatic critic of various London newspapers and periodicals. We detect here an analogy to the disputed learning of Shakespeare, and regret that we have not the space to pursue it.

One does not think of W. S. Gilbert as a military man (he is now a justice of the peace), yet for many years he held a captaincy in the Third Battalion of Royal Highlanders—where he doubtless got his "model of a modern major-general."

H. Rider Haggard helped to hoist the British flag over the Transvaal Territory in 1877. Had not the Boers forbidden, he might have fallen fighting the Zulus years before, but he lived to awake in London, to find himself famous as the author of "King Solomon's Mines."

It is not so surprising to learn that the author of "Typhoon"—Joseph Conrad, master in the merchant service—took to sea at the tender age of thirteen, after his father, a Polish revolutionist, had died at Warsaw.

It took Thomas Hardy a long time to discover himself as a novelist. He came to realize it only after he had made some headway in his profession of architect, and when he had decided to abandon architecture for art criticism.

If F. Marion Crawford had not early found his metier as a maker of romance, he might have sailed the seas for a living. As it is, he holds professional master's certificates from the Association of American Shipmasters and the United States Marine Board.

George W. Cable is entitled

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## A TRIP TO THE FAR NORTH

Ernest Thompson-Seton is About to Make an Exploration of the Country Beyond Great Slave Lake a Vast Area in Which He Thinks an Empire Might be Created.

R. ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON, the well-known writer of wild animal stories, is starting on a trip to the far Canadian north, which will no doubt have interesting and important results. He is accompanied by E. A. Preble, biologist of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. The Calgary Herald notes that the ultimate destination of these gentlemen is the barren lands lying to the north and east of Great Slave lake. In order to reach this point the travellers will proceed west to Edmonton, and from thence by stage to Athabasca Landing. From Athabasca Landing they go directly north to Athabasca lake and thence by Slave river to Great Slave lake. From the lake they will proceed by canoe north and east, beginning there their real work. The entire summer will be spent in paddling through a network of rivers and lakes of the country, every opportunity being taken to study the conditions which obtain there.

In an interview with a Winnipeg newspaper, Mr. Thompson-Seton said, while in that city:

One of the primary objects of my trip to the barren lands is to obtain typical pictures of the wild animals which are found there. For this purpose I am carrying with me two of the best cameras obtainable. I wish to study especially the caribou and the musk ox. It has been said that in earlier years the caribou ranged this country in immense herds. I desire to ascertain whether this is still the case, and if possible to secure a photograph of one of these great bands. This is one of the objects which I have in making the journey. Another is connected with the question of the possible future colonization of this great area.

There are hundreds of thousands of people living in northern Europe, in a country which is in many respects not to be compared as a place of residence to the so-called barren lands of the north. Seven years ago I visited Norway and studied conditions obtaining there. On that high plateau, of which the interior of Norway consists, you will find the rural population cultivating little spaces in the valleys not more than twenty feet square. Hay is cut from these most minute patches. So much hay will support a goat for a month. Every little patch on that plateau of Norway is cared for in this way. The barren lands of northern Canada would be a paradise to such people. Instead of a little patch the size of a bed quilt, they would have a quarter section.

The barren lands of the north are so called, not because they are really barren, but because they do not produce trees. That portion of the continent corresponds to the part of a mountain which is above the tree line. They produce grass and moss without limit, but no trees.

To the south of this great district there is the region of trees also a very vast area. The line which divides the treed from the treeless portion of the country does not by any means run directly east and west. It is a most irregular line running across the continent and reaching the Polar sea at the mouth of the Mackenzie. This treed portion of the country, none of which is approached by any contemplated railway, can all be colonized and constitutes the reserve portion of the Dominion, an empire in itself.

Any country which will grow trees will also grow cattle, and any country which will grow cattle will also support man. It is inevitable that in the

years to come all this portion of the country will be peopled.

The extent of the country it is difficult to conceive. I should say that at a low estimate there were one million square miles. There is a tract two thousand miles in length and five hundred miles in width. The conditions under which men will be able to live there have not yet been determined, but men will live there in the future as surely as men continue to seek the means of sustenance in the world. Norwegian people could go into that country and create another empire.

### Rubaiyat of "Old Pros."

The Weather Prophet writes, and having writ  
Benignly back amongst His Clouds doth sit;

Nor all the Cold Sarcasm of the Press  
Can hinder Him from thinking He is It.

And that Inverted Bowl we call the sky  
He rules from Day to Day with varied Lie!

Lift not Your hands to Him for Help—for He

As little really knows as You or I.

Myself when Young did eagerly  
Peruse  
The "Weather Indications" in the news

For Picnics and for Balls; but evermore

What they did promise, I did surely lose.

I sometimes think that never glows so Red

The Dawn as when the Weather Clerk has said:

"To-morrow — Cloudy; Heavy Winds and Showers"—

And Sol comes out Right Dazzling instead.

Ah, Love, couldst Thou and I somehow conspire  
To grasp the Weather Bureau scheme entire,

Would we not quickly get on to the Job,

And then remodel it to our Heart's Desire?

For He no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,

But anything that strikes His Fancy goes;

What Others think is neither here nor There—

He knows about it all—He knows—

He knows.

—Munsey's Magazine.

Everywhere in the Old World the wheels of wagons and carriages are two or three times as heavy as those on corresponding vehicles in America, and so appear clumsy and cumbersome to us. The explanation of the difference, says The Travel Magazine, is that our wheels are made of hickory, a wood unknown abroad, which supplies the requisite strength in smaller mass.

Little Frank—"Mamma, please tell me how father got to know you."

Mother—"One day I fell into the deep river, and your father jumped in and saved me."

Little Frank—"Well, that's funny; he won't let me learn how to swim,"—Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. Flanagan: "Well, I suppose we'll soon be having policewomen, and then you'll be out of a job." Police Constable Flanagan: "No, my dear, I fancy ye'll find the strong arm of the law will always be wearin' the thrusters!"—Punch.

We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, but in order to leave no possible room for doubt about it, we insist upon the dress coat at all formal affairs.—Puck.



THE BUSINESS INSTINCT.

Young Droppin—Good morning Mrs. Wuzzinraird; are the daughters in?

Mrs. Wuzzinraird—No, Mr. Droppin, they're all out this morning.

Mr. W.—But we'll have some in next time you call sir.—Life.

## IAN MACLAREN IN CANADA

Some Reminiscences of the Scottish Writer's Visit to the Dominion When He Was in the Zenith of His Fame.

In 1896 Dr. John Watson, who as "Ian MacLaren" had become famous throughout this continent, visited America and addressed about one hundred audiences in the cities of the United States and Canada. Major J. B. Pond, who conducted the tour, recalls some reminiscences connected with this visit of the Scottish writer to Canada.

One of the most novel experiences of Ian MacLaren's career was at the time of his visit to Ottawa. Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Knox Church, Galt, who has since that time made a mark as a Scotch story writer, was then a clergyman in Ottawa, and was looking after the management of the lecture, which was given in Knox Presbyterian church. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada, presided. When the doctor was told that a Roman Catholic would introduce him in a Presbyterian church he was greatly surprised. Later in the evening he said to Major Pond:

"Major, isn't this a wonderful country? Think of it: I, a Scotch minister, have given readings for a gentleman of the Church of England, in a John Knox Presbyterian Church, introduced by a Roman Catholic!"

From Ottawa the party went to Kingston, where Dr. and Mrs. Watson were the guests of the late Principal Grant. The train for Toronto left at the uncomfortably early hour of 1 a.m., and it was necessary to drive out to Kingston Junction in a rickety old hack, with the thermometer at zero. Mrs. Watson didn't enjoy it, but the doctor was beaming, as though he had had a normal night's sleep.

"Janie," said he, "I guess the boys now. If we hadn't promised them we are not thinking of where we are just those bicycles we wouldn't be here." And so he kept the chilly air out by making sunshine at midnight. The fire had gone out in the stove in the station waiting-room, and all the coal was locked up in the shed outside, and to crown all the train was forty minutes late. "Ian MacLaren," however, enjoyed it, and by-and-bye the train came, and the party had a comfortable ride into Toronto.

As in Montreal, the Scotch were out in force when Dr. Watson arrived in Toronto, with all their badges and insignia. They all wanted to see "Ian MacLaren," and he was unable to see any of them. After lunching at Mr. E. Gurney's the distinguished author and his wife were driven about the city all the rest of the day, until it was time to lecture. Lord Aberdeen presided, and it is a matter worthy of record that the largest audience that ever attended any one-man entertainment in Toronto, and paid fancy prices, was the one drawn to hear "Ian MacLaren's" readings.

"A more enthusiastic welcome one seldom sees, especially in America," wrote Major Pond afterwards.

"It was more like Welsh enthusiasm."

Dr. Watson amused the audience at the beginning of one of his lectures by telling of a letter he had received asking whether the first name of his pseudonym was pronounced Ian, Eean, Yan, Yon, Yane, John, Jan or Jane. "In answer to this question," he said, "I would say that if you want to pronounce it like an Englishman, you will say I-an, if like a Scotchman, Ee-an, and if like a Highlander, Ee-on."

"Mr. Murphy, Mr. Murphy!" cried an excited farm hand to his master, "will ye be sending six men with me with spades? Pat Delaney has stuck in the bog."

"Well," responded his master, "let him walk out."

"But," cried Micky, "he's in up to his ankles!"

"An' what of that? As I said, let him walk out."

"But, begorrah, sir, he's in head first!"

This is the sort of jokes, thinks Life, we will see in the newspapers in the near future.

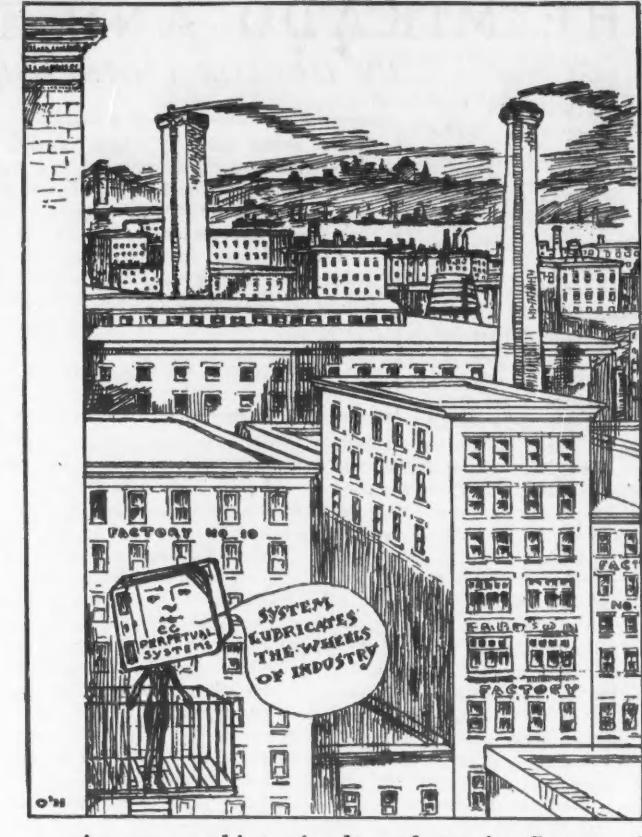
"I'm awfully frightened way up here," said the fair young thing in the air-ship.

"Worry not, Clarissa," replied Harvey Giltrocks; "your fears are groundless."

Mrs. Gasser—"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club this afternoon." Mr. Gasser—"I can't believe it! Who spoke you, my dear?"—Puck.

### VICTORIA DAY RATES.

Round trip tickets at single fare will be on sale at all C. P. R. ticket offices and stations for Victoria Day, good going May 23 and 24, returning until and on May 27.



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The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 15th May, both days inclusive.

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**PORTER**

The Motorist and  
the Pedestrian

In an amusing commentary on human nature The San Francisco Bulletin discusses editorially the mental operations of the man in the motor-car and the man on foot. So detailed is the account that one is almost forced to believe that the writer knows from experience whereof he speaks. He says:

"Seated in an automobile, even if he does not own it, the ordinary man is disposed to feel an imperious contempt for pedestrians. If a pedestrian gets into the machine's way the temporarily exalted personage in the tonneau mutters insulting comments on his stupidity and impudence. Without analyzing his own state of mind the man in the automobile views walking as plebeian, vulgar. Spinning along at a speed prohibited by law and hazardous to the safety of pedestrians, the automobilist carries pride in his port and arrogance in his mind. If the machine belongs to a friend, or is hired, the haughty occupant of the tonneau endeavors to look as though he owned it. He lolls against the padded leather in an attitude of listless ease. He strives to display an air of being bored by his eminence, his wealth, his luxuries, his sumptuous trapping. He keeps a sharp lookout from the corner of his eyes for envious acquaintances on the sidewalk whom he may bestow a condescending nod."

If the machine in which he happens to be riding is a big, costly, first-class car, the automobilist looks down disdainfully on all cheaper cars and runabouts; although he himself, perhaps, cannot afford to keep even the cheapest automobile in the market. He talks patronizingly of "tincans" and "milk-wagons" as a great duke or the satellite or parasite of a great duke—"Major Pendennis," for example—might talk of the meagre establishment of a small baronet.

But when the same ordinary man finds himself deprived of his automobile, whether he owned, borrowed or hired it, he is filled immediately with the class spirit of the sidewalkers; defiant rage against the motorists. When he sees a machine whirling down Van Ness avenue he declaims like a fiery Jacobin against the insolent lawlessness of these purse-proud motormaniacs who think themselves above the speed ordinance. A driver who whips his horses into a gallop on a crowded street would be arrested at the first crossing he cries, but the automobilist skims along at twice the speed of a galloping horse and is not molested. At a crossing when a bold automobile takes the right of way, forcing him to jump backward, the pedestrian growls, curses under his breath, like an enraged sans-culotte.

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## THE DRAMA



James K. Hackett  
Appearing in "The Walls of Jericho"  
at the Princess Theatre next week.

R. JAMES K. HACKETT, the well known actor will on Monday evening next begin a week's engagement at the Princess Theatre, presenting the strong English society drama, "The Walls of Jericho."

This play, which is by Alfred Sutro, has been accepted as a work of great merit. It was presented for two years in London before its American production was made by Mr. Hackett at the Savoy Theatre, New York, where it was continuously played for the greater part of last season with as much success as was bestowed upon the London production.

The chief interest of the story centres about its hero, Jack Frobisher, an Australian, who has made an enormous fortune, and, returning to England, has married the daughter of a peer. In the shallow but treacherous currents of the London drawing room, where intrigue, slander and gambling at bridge whilst are the substitutes for the normal and honest activity, Jack Frobisher endures the shallow but treacherous current of London social life for three years, entirely submissive to his wife's will, but at length he revolts. The attentions paid to his wife by a notorious rake and for a time accepted by her is the last straw for the patient husband. He once again becomes the man that he was in Queensland and insists upon dominating circumstances instead of allowing them longer to dominate him. In an intensely dramatic quarrel with his wife, in which he bitterly anathematizes the society in which he has been living, he announces his determination to return to Queensland and to take his wife and their little son with him. She refuses to go. On the day before he is to sail husband and wife have an accidental meeting, and he, realizing the sorrow that it will cause his wife to be deprived of their child, he consents to leave him behind. This concession melts the mother's pride; and she calls to him just as he is leaving and there is no reconciliation.

Mr. Hackett has given the play a production that is in every way worthy, and has surrounded himself with a capable company, including David Glassford, Arthur R. Lawrence, J. Cleneay Matthews, Orlando Daly, H. Newkirk Clugston, John Hooper, F. Atkinson, P. Jefferson Rollow, F. A. Sullivan, Miss Mary Elizabeth Forbes, Miss Blanche Ellice, Mrs. Sam Sothern, Miss Evelyn Wieldling, Miss Isabel Goodwin, Mrs. Felix Morris, Miss Catherine Calhoun and Miss Beatrice Beckley.

No Wednesday matinee will be given next week but in its place there will be a special holiday matinee on Friday, May 24, Victoria Day, in addition to the regular Saturday matinee, which will be given as usual.

WHEN Knighthood was in Flower will be the attraction at the Grand next week. In the course of the play, as in the book, the action, centres about Mary Tudor, Princess of England, the madcap sister of the irascible Henry the Eighth. This role is portrayed by Grace Merritt in a captivating manner. It is said that Princess Mary, as she dances in and out of every scene as changing as a summer sky, now haughty as only a royal princess can be, now wilful and defiant, again sweet and tender as becomes her, but always winsome. It is a difficult role that Miss Merritt essays, but one to which she proves herself equal. In the more serious third and fourth acts she shows, it is claimed, a depth and versatility which is surprising. Mr. Alfred Swanson has been chosen from a

number of New York leading men to support Miss Merritt as Charles Brandon.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower" is a stirring play, and no doubt it will attract large and enthusiastic audiences to the popular Adelaide street theatre all next week.

THE bill at Shea's Theatre next week will be headed by Charlotte Parry and Company, presenting "The Comstock Mystery." Others on the bill are the Great Jackson Family, The Three Keatons, Thorne & Carlton, World's Comedy Four, Paul Barnes and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne. Attractive kinetograph pictures will be given.

"The Importance of Being Earnest," is a three-act comedy, and "Gringoire, The Ballad-Monger," a one-act romance from the French, which will be presented at the Princess Theatre by the Toronto Press Club during the second week of the race-meeting, will form one of the most interesting double bills to be seen here this season. In "The Importance of Being Earnest," a double love affair, which is carefully guided through many amusing complications, is the foundation for three acts of diverting comedy, in which well-known society types are satirized.

Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott will head the company which will present it and with him will be Mr. Douglas A. Paterson, under whose direction the production is made. Miss Berenice Parker will be the leading feminine support. The company, which consists of ten people in all, will include Miss Evelyn Bliss, Miss Alice Denzil and Miss Lucy Doyle, Mr. Egbert Durand, Mr. J. Harry Smith and Mr. Allan Green. "Gringoire," the wandering musician and rhymster whose verses made him a celebrated character in the reign of Louis XI will be enacted by Mr. Pigott, while the part of Louis XI, himself, will be taken by Mr. Paterson. In this piece, Mr. Durand will also appear, together with Mr. Gordon Muir. Tickets may be obtained from members of the Press Club in any of the newspaper offices.

"The Lion and the Mouse," the drama by Charles Klein which has been played this week at the Princess Theatre by a fairly well-balanced company without star, is one of very considerable current interest. It is a modern adaptation of an old story. Judge Rossmore falls foul of John Burkett Ryder, a king of finance, and is ruined. His daughter, Shirley, while abroad and unaware of happenings at home, meets the millionaire's son and they fall in love with each other. On her return Shirley seeks to save her father from penury and disgrace, and succeeds by winning the confidence and regard of Ryder, senior.

The playwright has aimed to combine in Ryder the characteristics of two or three of the outstanding figures in the American world of finance, and has succeeded admirably. His brusque, autocratic, querulous manner is just such as we picture the great trust magnate to possess. Oliver Doud Byron, a highly intelligent and well-schooled actor, plays the role with excellent effect. His nervous energy, his strident voice and snappy utterance, the play of his capable hands—his whole characterization, in fact—make the average theatre-goer feel that he sees before him in the flesh a genuine American juggler of finance of the first class.

Miss Grace Elliston, who plays the role of Shirley Rossmore, has a lot of work to do. It is to her credit that she has given the part careful study, and it is evident that she spares no effort to act it capably. She speaks her lines, however, rather after the manner of a student of dramatic reading. Her voice is also against her, being thin and high-pitched. Yet

she has given the part a good deal of life and interest. Here and there the dialogue is very smart.

THE bill at Shea's this week is scarcely up to the high average that has been maintained this season at the popular vaudeville house. John Rice and Sally Cohen present a sketch called "All the World Loves a Lover." Mazur and Mazette are amusing in an acrobatic turn. Others figuring are the Four Rianos, the Orpheus Comedy Four, the Colonial Septette of musicians, and the eccentric dancer, John Donahue.

Grace Merritt  
As Mary Tudor in "When Knighthood was in Flower," which comes to the Grand next week.

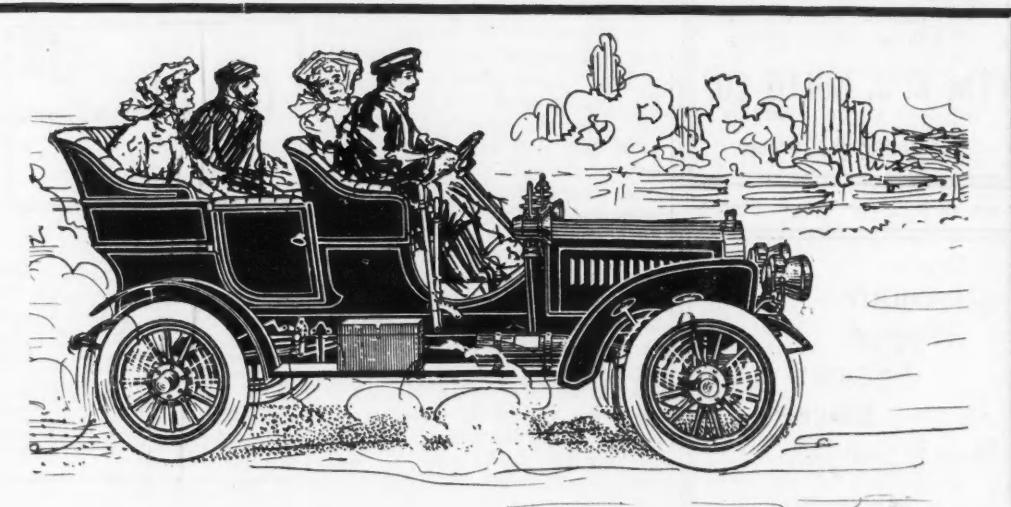
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Miss Elliston has considerable ability, and with judicious coaching, she should make no small success on the stage.

Frazer Coulter, as ex-Judge Stott, delivers his lines somewhat in the fashion of a heavy-voiced, seriously-minded young theological student practicing on a country congregation. The rest of the cast are quite capable.

The play on the whole is most interesting. Here and there the dialogue is very smart.

A LARGE number of people are finding pleasure and having their emotions stirred by the presentation of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," at the Grand this week. This homely, wholesome play is a good one for anyone to hear, and it will be a long time growing stale.

This year the role of Iachlan Campbell, which used to be so finely played by the late J. H. Stoddard, is taken quite capably by J. Palmer Collins. Chas. E. Bloomer succeeds Reuben Fox as Posty, and invests the part with plenty of fun. The other members of the cast do effective acting, and the staging of the piece is excellent.

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HAL.

### England's Wicked Smart Set.

The orgies of the Upper Ten Come to our notice now and then, And make us shudder as we read Of the quite too fearful lives they lead.

In country houses nowadays They're always getting some new craze:

All night they play (says one who knows)  
That feverish pastime, Dominoes.

You notice some one looking wry;  
You ask a friend the reason why.  
"Last night," he answers, "poor old chap,  
He lost his little all at Snap!"

Young girls are often asked to stay:  
They foolishly begin to play . . .  
Some shark their year's allowance  
wines  
In half an hour at Spillikins.

Fair greater than may be you thinks  
The usual stake at Tiddleywinks.  
Sustained bad luck at Halma leads To reckless, suicidal deeds.

Oh, for those golden, distant days  
When they shall mend their wicked ways,  
When millions shall no more be paid  
Across the table at Old Maid!

—London Globe.

One of the delicious treats London offers Americans is the acting and accessories in her theatres. The orchestra stalls or balcony stalls (both are "swell") are very sumptuous and very roomy, and are evidently created on purpose to appeal to hearty diners. The usher is a very tidy young woman, in black dress and co-

### TENDERS For Coal and Wood

Sealed Tenders, endorsed "Tenders for Coal and Wood," addressed to H. F. McNaughton, Secretary of Public Works Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, May 21, for the supply of Coal and Wood to Government House, Parliament Buildings, Osgoode Hall, and Educational Buildings, Toronto, and for the Normal and Model Schools, Ottawa, the Normal School, London, the Institution for the Blind, Wantford, and the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, for the twelve months ending June 30, 1908. Tenders and conditions of contract, with quantities required and required, supplied on application to the Department.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

J. O. REAUME,  
Minister of Public Works, Ontario

Department of Public Works, Toronto, May 10, 1907.

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Many a man has become a jailbird because he tried to feather his nest.—Guelph Herald.

MAY 18, 1907.

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15

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**E**XCEPTIONALLY few great solo artists have visited Toronto this season. The list of pianists, violinists and singers is singularly meagre. The circumstance is probably merely fortuitous and not at all due to an intention to pass Toronto by or to a supposition that recital concerts here do not pay. On the other hand an unusually large number of concerts and recitals have been given by our local societies and musicians, and the quantity of music that has been offered has been immense.

Mr. David Ross, the well known baritone, who has been studying opera repertoire under Signor Laura at Milan is expected to return early next month. During his absence he has studied about twenty operas. He has received an invitation to sing at Covent Garden theatre, and may accept it and go to London in the autumn.

There is no better proof of a singer's ability to please than in the re-demand for their services. Mrs. Mabel Manley Pickard, the local soprano, sang in Knox church on Thursday evening last for the fifth time in Hamilton this season.

In addition to Hamilton Mrs. Pickard has filled, since October last, no fewer than fifteen return engagements, five of which were in Massey Hall.

A music recital is being arranged to be given in Bloor street Baptist church on Monday evening, June 3rd. The choir of the church will have the assistance of Mrs. Mabel Manley Pickard, Miss Hazel Ellis, Miss Florence McKay, Mr. Rhyn Jamieson and H. F. Pickard, organist.

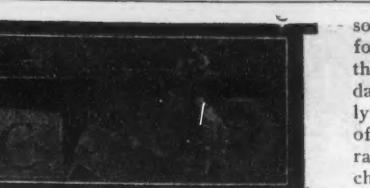
The testimonial concert to Dr. Torrington to be given in the Metropolitan church on Tuesday evening next promises to be one of the big events of the season. Miss Eileen Millett, for many years soprano soloist of the church, but now of Franklin, Penn., is coming to take part in the programme. Besides there are such well known talent as Leonore James Kennedy and Alvina M. Springer, soprano; Mrs. Merry contralto; Miss Grace Merry, reader; J. M. Sherlock, tenor; Arthur Blight, baritone; H. Ruthven Macdonald, bass; Albert Jordan, solo organist, London; the church choir, and Mrs. H. M. Blight, accompanist.

After the first performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth there was a banquet at the Fantasie, at which Neumann happened to sit next to Hanslick. This critic, who had been a life-long enemy of Wagner, had been so deeply impressed by "Parsifal" that he made no effort to mar the enthusiasm of the occasion, and he wrote about this work much more favorably than he had written about the "Ring" operas. At the same banquet a discordant note was introduced by Forster, who suddenly said: "You will see, Wagner will soon die." When asked why he thought so, he answered: "A man who has created what we have just witnessed can live no longer; he has finished, he must die soon." Less than seven months later Wagner was in his grave.

The Paris correspondent of The St. James Gazette writes:

I should like you to see Chaliapine, the great Russian basso, whom Herr Conried of New York has secured for the opera season at the Metropolitan. If he does not make a sensation there, as he walks down Broadway, even before his voice is heard, I am very much mistaken, and he must have changed very much since I heard him in Boito's "Mephistopheles" at Orange. Not since the days when Maurel's Iago gave the critics a subject worthy of their mettle, and set their imaginations mad in search of a rhetoric rarely demanded by an operatic performer, has such a presence and such a dramatic gift been seen on the operatic stage.

Chaliapine is only thirty-six years old, and has already had twenty years' experience. He was only sixteen when he was the basso of a miserable little opera company in Russia, and glad to sing for ten pounds a month. At the time he rudely broke his contract with the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg, and gaily sailed away to America, gladly paying his heavy indemnity—he was earning a hundred pounds a performance, a very big price in Russia. The public that adores him will mourn his absence, but I am afraid it will be years before his countrymen hear him again



on his native heath, for Chaliapine is a most revolutionary spirit.

Not long ago he refused to sing in "La Vie pour le Tsar," by Glinka, one of the great Russian composers, and although it cost him a heavy fine, he was neither sent to Siberia nor dismissed from the opera. His name on the programme always insured a full house. I remember that some five years ago, when the great Russian singer, Godefroi Korsoff, made his farewell appearance in St. Petersburg, before retiring to private life in Paris, Chaliapine was the only singer in the long programme who was paid. He received a hundred pounds simply because with him in the bill the beneficari was sure of a packed house, even at the increased prices, and Chaliapine's services could not be obtained otherwise, owing to his arrangement with his impresario. Tall, fair, magnificently set up, Chaliapine—a great actor, and one of the best singers in the world—will make even Pol Plancon's Mephistopheles look undistinguished.

Last Sunday, the music at St. Luke's church, corner St. Joseph and St. Vincent St., was appropriate to the festival of the Ascension. In the evening the choir, under the direction of Mr. G. H. P. Darby, sang Woodward's "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" in D and Gounod's "Unfold ye Portals." An orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Francis Grattan assisted and played several instrumental numbers. During the offertory Mr. Saunders rendered a solo on the cello, viz., Godard's Berceuse, Joselyn. To-morrow being Whit Sunday and the following Sunday being Trinity Sunday, the orchestra will assist at evensong.

The following piano, vocal and organ pupils of the Toronto College of Music, gave a recital in the College Hall, on Monday evening, May 13th: Piano—Eva Clarke, Edna McCorkindale, Lillian Thompson, Albert Fall, and Ida L. Attridge. Vocal—Fred Hopkins. Organ—Howard West. The teachers represented were: W. E. Fairclough, T. C. Jeffers, Mrs. E. J. Hopkins, Miss L. Porter, Miss G. Anderson, Miss E. M. Robinson and Miss M. McDonald.

The choir of Wesley Methodist Church under the direction of Mr. G. D. Atkinson, gave an interesting musical evening recently to an audience which completely filled the large new school room of the church. The choral numbers included Sullivan's "O Hush Thee" and "O Gladsome Light," Neidlinger's "Rock-a-bye" for ladies' voices, Fanning's "Miller's Wooing," and the Lavallee-Richardson arrangement of "O Canada," which last was conducted by Dr. Richardson himself. This choir, which is fast making a reputation for itself, particularly in its unaccompanied work quite surpassed any of its previous efforts along this line. One might note particularly the refinement of tone in the pianissimo work and the splendid control which the conductor had of his forces. Miss Grace Merry was the reader of the evening, and her efforts need no praise. Miss Dorothy Bonnard and Miss Myrtle Watson, pianoforte pupils of Mr. Atkinson, contributed movements from the Mendelssohn G minor and Greig A minor Concertos, respectively, with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Mr. Atkinson. The following members of the choir appeared as soloists: Mrs. G. D. Atkinson, Mrs. F. W. Tisdale, Misses L. Watson and G. M. McMurry, Messrs. R. Almond, W. J. Clark and W. H. Norris. On Friday evening of last week the choir went to Milton by special train and gave a sacred concert in the Methodist church there. The programme was made up of unaccompanied motets by Sullivan and Gounod. The final chorus of Gounod's "Gallia," the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," solos by members of the quartette, and organ solos by Mr. Atkinson.

Rev. R. H. Steacy, who has been a guest at the Queen's during the last week, returned to Ottawa on Thursday.

Dr. Harry J. Watson, who has been in Toronto for some weeks on account of his late severe illness, is now able to travel, and will be back in Winnipeg on the 20th inst.

Dr. and Mrs. Murray McFarlane sailed this week for Europe. They will spend three months in England, France and Germany.

Mrs. Irons and Miss Emma T. Irons are leaving shortly to spend the summer in Europe.

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Colonel and Mrs. Drummond, who were staying at Government House, Ottawa, are now spending a few days with Mrs. E. S. Clouston in Montreal.

Lady Shaughnessy and Miss Shaughnessy arrived at Quebec by the Empress of Ireland on Saturday.

Speaking of the concert of the famous Vienna Male Chorus on Tuesday last, the Buffalo News says:

"The intelligent application of educated and long-experienced singers—the number of really young men in this chorus is comparatively small—to their work, which is really their pleasure, has produced in this chorus a human song-machine, responsive to the slightest quiver of the baton, and

so sure and solid in tone that in the forte passages the effect is much like the grand organ. The lights and darks are abrupt rather than delicately shaded, and the whole tonal force of the chorus is, it might be said, of rather heavier calibre than other male choruses that have been heard here. A striking feature was the use of the falsetto amongst the first tenors. Not the "half-voice," so often used in the softer passages by our own choruses, but a real, Tyrolean warbler falsetto. It is an easy surmise that there are some yodels par excellence in the Wiener Maennergesang Verien. The falsetto to American ears generally seems rather hollow and flaccid, especially in sustained passages and in the opening number, the 23rd Psalm, last night there was a slight tendency to strengthen in this regard, but subsequently this tone was used indefinitely in fine effect."

The only body of singers heard in Buffalo this season with which any comparison may be made, is the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, and, of course, as a whole they cannot be fairly compared, as the Toronto organization is one of mixed voices, but as far as the men are concerned, it might be said that the Torontonians sing with equal verity, and perhaps more delicacy. The quality of voice as a whole seems lighter with the Canadians—not less virile but not so thunderous, and they certainly sang numbers much more difficult than any of those so splendidly given by the Viennese last night. The latter may, perhaps, arouse more enthusiasm, but the former deeper sentiment."

CHERUBINO.

## PERSONAL

The Misses Sternberg have added another to their list of successes, this season's closing exercises of the physical culture and dancing classes being the prettiest of the kind yet seen in Toronto. An overflowing audience witnessed the programme in spite of the rain, which fell heavily all afternoon. One of the prettiest numbers was the Spanish dance in costume by eight members of the advanced class. A gavotte, also in characteristic costume, was well executed, and was followed by a dainty flower dance by little Miss Ethel Kirkpatrick, the Misses Jean Thorburn and Helen Macdonell. A pas de deux by Miss Kathleen Temple; narcissus, Miss Ruth Smith; sword dance, Miss Joyce Ince; skirt dances by Misses Isabel Knox, Freda Fraser, Claire Nesbitt, Lorna McLean, Marion Richardson, were also enthusiastically received. A musical programme was rendered by Mr. Bert Brown, who sang in splendid voice a stirring march song, responding to an encore with the Turnkey's Song from Rob Roy; and Mrs. and the Misses Roberts, who delighted the audience with a piano, violin and cello selection. Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Arthur, Dr. and Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Trees, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. McLean Macdonell, Mrs. Ryrie, Mrs. Crompton, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Mrs. O'Grady, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Ballantine, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Gordon McLean, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. G. de O'Grady.

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To keep baby's skin soft, and pink, and healthy — all you need is

**Royal Crown Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap**

It's a medicated soap and a toilet soap — two soaps in one, for the price of one. Box, a cake, 3 cakes for 25¢.

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A few cents saved in the price of materials keeps many a man's "wares" just the one step short of being the best of its kind made.

It isn't that way with

Bredin's Cream Loaf,

For the bakers of it are always on the lookout to pay a little more for the ingredients that go into it if the extra cost will mean extra quality to the loaf.

And it's only working honestly along this line that has made

Bredin's Cream Loaf

The best bread baked.

The finest of flour.

The sweetest of butter.

The purest of cream.

The best of malt extract.



At your grocer's,  
5 cents a loaf.

**Kennedy Shorthand School**

We are publishing for our friends a souvenir booklet, "The Story of Rose L. Fritz" — artistic, dramatic, interesting — a story of success. The edition is not large, but we have set aside a limited number for presentation to those interested in stenographic work. Send for a copy free.

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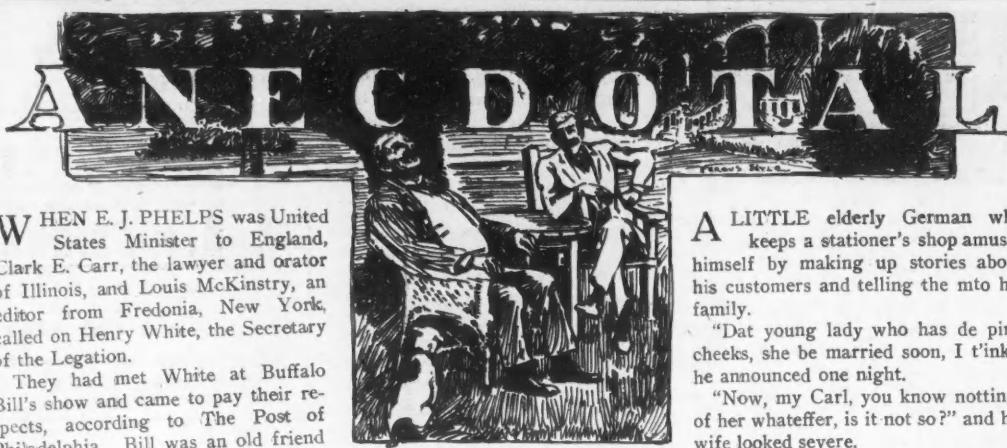
A very large assortment, and at prices that will interest you. All materials for the work. Write for illustrated price list.

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**Superfluous Hair**  
Removed by the New Principle  
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A revolution to modern science. It is the scientific and practical way to destroy superfluous hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrodes, electric currents, etc. The secret lies in the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is sold in the largest cities in the world by physicians, dermatologists, medical journals and magazines. Booklet free, in plain English. Ask for it at De Miracle Chemists, 100 Yonge Street, Toronto. Your money back guarantee. If you are not satisfied, we will refund your money. We are the only ones qualified for it. For sale by all dealers.

The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited, Toronto.



WHEN E. J. PHELPS was United States Minister to England, Clark E. Carr, the lawyer and orator of Illinois, and Louis McKinstry, an editor from Fredonia, New York, editor from Fredonia, New York, called on Henry White, the Secretary of the Legation.

They had met White at Buffalo Bill's show and came to pay their respects, according to The Post of Philadelphia. Bill was an old friend of Carr.

"Better go in and see the Minister," said White.

Mr. Phelps was sitting on one side of the big table. He nodded gravely as the two visitors were introduced, and motioned them to seats.

"Have you been in England long?" he asked.

"Several days," Carr replied.

"Are you seeing everything?"

"As much as we can," Carr replied.

"Well," said Mr. Phelps, "there is one thing I must impress on you. I beg of you not to ask me for the entree to the House of Commons. I have but a few cards left, and I desire to use them in another way."

"My dear sir," Clark replied, "we did not come here to ask you any favors. We came simply to pay our respects. Besides, I have a potential American friend who has already given me the entree to the House of Commons and who has unlimited tickets."

"Ah," said Phelps, much surprised, "and who is your potential American friend, may I ask?"

"Buffalo Bill," roared Carr — "Buffalo Bill, sir, and good-day to you."

"HIGH finance is not confined entirely to Wall street," said John E. Wilkie, chief of the United States Secret Service. "I saw an example of it the other day that made me dizzy."

One of the clerks in the Treasury wanted to go to the ball game. He had but twenty-five cents, his exact admission, and nothing for car fare.

"He announced he would raffle his twenty-five cents for two cents a share. Eighteen clerks took chances. One won the quarter for two cents, but the thrifty promoter had twenty-five cents for his ticket, ten cents for car fare and a cent over for an afternoons paper."

WHEN William Jennings Bryan made his first tour of the country in 1896 it was the custom of the local committees to bring around to his meetings men who had been voting the Democratic ticket for many years, as exhibits of the truthfulness of the faith.

In a town in Ohio the local committee made a ten-strike. They dug up one Asa Jones, who had voted for Andrew Jackson, and when Bryan arrived at the meeting Asa was sitting in much state on the platform.

"Mr. Bryan," said the chairman, "here is a Democrat who voted for Andrew Jackson, who has voted for every Democratic candidate since, and who will vote for you."

Asa tottered to his feet. "Glad to meet ye," he piped. "Glad to meet ye. What name, please?"

DE WOLF HOPPER had a slight cold one night, and in a curtain speech referred to it in this fashion: "I went to my doctor," he declared, "and the doctor said I had been eating too much nitrogenous food, and must stop it and eat farinaceous food. Since then I haven't been able to eat at all, for I don't know what either word means."

DR. R. D. EVANS, the mental expert of the Thaw trial, was criticizing at a physicians' dinner the bow-heating method of cross-examination that the courts permit.

"But my criticism," Dr. Evans ended, "has been feeble, and what good is feeble criticism? The critic, to score, must be epigrammatic, unexpected, humorous. Thus, in my native Bridgetown, a candidate for Congress spoke at a mass-meeting, and afterward a politician asked an old farmer what he thought of the speech.

"Wall, I dunno," said the old man, soberly, "but I think six hours' rain would 'a' done us a lot more good."

WHEN Mr. Taft first arrived in the Philippines he went to its summer capital, Benguet. He had been seriously ill, and Secretary Root cabled him asking how he stood the voyage. Mr. Taft answered:

"Stood it fine. Rode horse yesterday to altitude of 5,000 feet. Air like Adirondacks. Taft." The next day he received this cablegram. "How's the horse? Root."

A LITTLE elderly German who keeps a stationer's shop amuses himself by making up stories about his customers and telling them to his family.

"Dat young lady who has de pink cheeks, she be married soon, I t'ink," he announced one night.

"Now, my Carl, you know nothings of her whateffer, is it not so?" and his wife looked severe.

"It is like dis," said the stationer solemnly: "I observe, and I know.

At first she buys paper and envelopes de same; later she buy twice as more paper, and den five times as more paper as envelopes. So I know she is betrothed. And to-day she buy only one-half dozen envelopes and five times as more paper; and when I tell her she get dem cheaper if she buy many, she say, 'I have no need of more, t'ank you'; so I know de friend he comes soon, and so comes de marriage on quickly."

SHORTLY after Congressman Maddox, of Georgia, had turned over part of his law practice to his son, the young man came into the office with a flushed, triumphant face.

"Pap," he began, "you know that Wilkins case you've been trying for the last ten years?"

The congressman nodded.

"Well," said the young man, "I've settled it!"

"Settled it!" ejaculated his father. "Settled it! Why, my boy, I gave you that case as an annuity!"

MANY American visitors to Paris are acquainted with Bignon's, a restaurant where no prices were set down on the bill of fare. The guest had the artistic satisfaction of dining in ignorance of what the expense would be, but he was very likely to discover, when he received the bill, that ignorance is, indeed, bliss.

A stranger dining there in April ordered a melon.

"What!" he exclaimed, when his bill was presented to him. "Thirty francs for a melon! You are joking."

"Monsieur," said Bignon, "if you can find me three or four at the same price I will buy them."

"Fifteen francs for a peach!" said a Russian prince, on another occasion. "They must be very scarce."

"It isn't the peaches that are scarce, your highness, it is princes," replied Bignon.

"Monsieur Bignon, a red herring at two and a half francs! Isn't that exorbitant?" asked another customer.

"It is in your interest, monsieur. My prices are the barrier I have established between classes. Why do you come here? To be among yourselves. If I change my prices the house would be invaded, and you would all leave."

Another patron complained of a sauce. "Did you dine here last evening?" asked Bignon.

"No."

"Ah, that is the trouble! You spoiled your taste in some other restaurant."

A YOUNG woman was telling her Sunday School class of boys the other Sunday about the Shut-in Society, whose members are persons confined by sickness to their beds or rooms.

"Whom can we think of," said she, "that would have had great sympathy for those that are so shut in?"

"I know," said a little boy. "Some one in the Bible, aint' it, teacher?"

"Yes. And who, Georgie?"

"Jonah," was the spirited answer.

A CERTAIN twelve-year-old boy has a teacher who is very wise, but also very slovenly. One morning recently the boy was later than usual in getting to school, and the master thought it proper to administer a reproof. "Why are you so late?" he asked.

"I took rather long to dress this morning."

"But how is it that I always manage to dress in time?"

"Dunno, sir, but I wash," the boy replied.

A PASSER-BY was amazed at seeing an Irishman poking a dollar bill through a crack in a board walk.

"What under the sun are you doing that for?" he asked.

"Why, you see, sir," replied the Irishman without looking up from his work, "a minute ago Oi dropped a nickel through this crack, an' now Oi'm puttin' a dollar through so's to make it wort' me while to pull up th' walk an' get th' nickel."

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CORNER YONGE AND FRONT STREETS  
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### Inactive Funds

We will be pleased to receive your deposit, either subject to cheque or subject to our Certificate of Deposit plan, which means, that you leave your money on deposit for a specified period and interest is paid thereon according to the length of time you leave it with the Bank."

GEORGE P. REID,  
General Manager.

BE TEMPERATE. IF YOU DRINK, DRINK

# Dewar's Whisky

and use Common Sense. They should go together.



### YOU ARE INVITED

B. M. & T. Jenkins beg to announce that they have just received a consignment of rare old china and silver.

## ANTIQUE GALLERIES

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Hercules Spring Beds are the easiest, most comfortable and most durable beds made. Pay no attention to the dealer who may wish to serve his own ends by inducing you to buy an inferior article. Order up a

### HERCULES SPRING BED

Sleep on it for thirty nights, and if you are not satisfied the dealer will refund your money. Government, scientific and practical tests have demonstrated HERCULES to be the best Spring Bed made; strong, springy, delightful to sleep upon. See that our guarantee is stamped on frame.

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## SMART COIFFURES FOR RACE MEET

THE handsome costume or gown worn by fashionable women during race week will necessitate a stylishly arranged head dress. In fact, the smartness of the toilette will depend upon the coiffure.

### DORENWEND'S

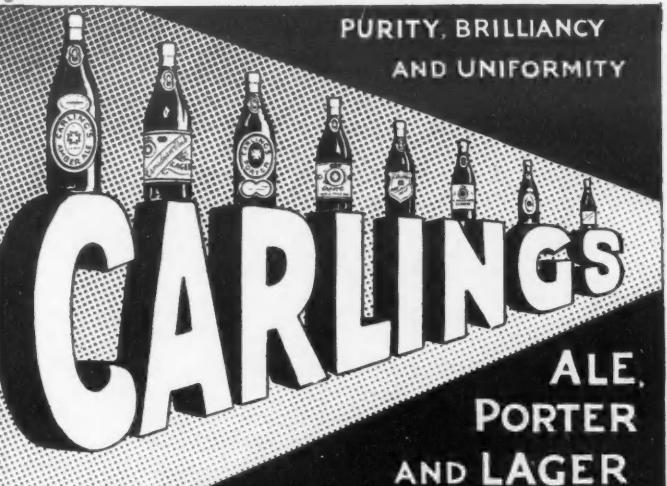
have made provision for the very large demands that will be made upon their staff of expert hairdressers, and will excel all other salons in their efforts to produce the latest and most stunning effects in new modes.

They are also displaying a few exceptionally handsome ready-to-wear Coiffures and Transformations, all of which bear the stamp of Dorenwend quality.

Telephone early for appointments—Main 1551.

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PURITY, BRILLIANTY  
AND UNIFORMITY



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We are about to make some alterations in our show rooms, to make room for which we are obliged to dispose of a large portion of our stock.

For 30 days we will offer the largest stock of high class Mantels, Grates and Fireplace Fittings in Toronto at MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

We have Mantels on our floor ranging in price from \$25.00 to \$250.00, and an unusually large assortment of Andirons and Fireplace Fittings.

### THIS IS FOR ONLY 30 DAYS

The sooner you call the larger assortment you will have to choose from.

**O'Keeffe Mantel and Tile Co.**  
Gerhard Heintzman Building  
**97 YONGE ST. - TORONTO**

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It is not only absolutely pure, but also hard and solid, clear and lasting. Costs no more than the ordinary kind. We guarantee efficient service and full satisfaction.

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(One block east of Bathurst)

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The plump, smooth skin of youth is bound to relax sooner or later. There is no more potent charm to stay the hand of time than

### OUR FACE TREATMENTS

They help the dainty woman retain her comeliness and improve the complexion. They are used in "The Princess Skin Food" (Price \$1.50 postpaid) for use at home, will free the throat, neck and face from the dreaded lines and wrinkles. They make the flesh firm, and the skin fresh, healthy and youthful.

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MOLES, WARTS, etc., eradicated for us by our method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed. Books sent on request.

**Graham  
Dermatological Institute,**  
52 Church Street, TORONTO  
Phone N. 1666. Established 1892

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Campbell have returned from abroad, and are staying with Mrs. Campbell at Carbrook, Queen's Park.

Mrs. Charles Cameron of Collingwood, accompanied by Mrs. T. F. Savage of Guelph, sailed for Europe this week.

## SOCIETY

The marriage of Miss Annie Henderson, daughter of Canon Henderson of Christ church cathedral, Hamilton, and Mr. George W. Smith, of Minneapolis, took place in the cathedral on Wednesday afternoon, the Bishop of Niagara officiating, assisted by Canon Abbott. The choir rendered a fine choral service, and a large party of friends witnessed the happy event. Miss Henderson's robe des noces was of white lace, mounted on chiffon and taffeta and she wore the orthodox veil and orange blossom wreath and carried a shower of Bride roses. Miss Henderson was maid of honor, and Miss Evelyn Fisher of Toronto was bridesmaid, both gowned in pale green on silk point d'esprit, white hats with pink roses, and bouquets of pine roses. Mr. Garnet Byam of Minneapolis was best man. Mr. H. Smith of Toronto, and Mr. Angus Pennefather of the Bank of Montreal, were a stalwart and handsome pair of ushers. Just as the ceremony began, a brilliant burst of sunshine lit up the fine old church, through many tinted windows. A reception was held after the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents in Herkimer street. Mrs. Lizars Smith was one of the Toronto guests present.

There has been a gathering of Regents and other dignitaries connected with the Daughters of the Empire in Toronto this week for the annual meeting which took place on Wednesday at the King Edward.

Mrs. Mowat of Kingston is the guest of Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Wellesley street. Mrs. George Taylor of Ottawa is visiting her son, Mr. Frank Taylor. Mrs. Gordon Osler is with her parents in Montreal. Mrs. Robert McCullough of Galt is visiting her uncle and aunt, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, and Toronto friends are giving her the usual hearty welcome. Friends of Mrs. H. L. Strathy have been sorry to hear of her indisposition in New York, where she has been visiting her brother, Mr. George.

Mrs. George Eakins received yesterday for the first time since her marriage at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Richard Southam, 88 Madison avenue.

There was tea and talk after the Annual meeting of the L. O. D. E. at the King Edward on Wednesday, and on Thursday Canon and Mrs. Welch gave a tea at the rectory, which was most enjoyable.

The May garrison church parade, which has been discontinued, is one of the things one misses. The first Sunday in May used to be a great day for the military and their admirers in Toronto.

That good sport and supporter of smart coaching, Colonel Stinson, has been an invalid for some time and returned to Toronto a short time ago, accompanied by his sisters who are most devoted to a brother who has been a model of kindness to them.

A delightful at home was given from four till ten last Friday by Mrs. J. J. Graham of Dovercourt road. It was a sort of home-gathering in honor of Mrs. Graham's two sisters, Mrs. Cherry and Mrs. Winter of Providence, R.I., who are here on a visit.

### BIRTHS.

ECCLES—Winnipeg, May 14, 1907, the wife of Stanley Eccles, a son. McMULLEN—Vancouver, B. C., May 14, the wife of Mr. James E. McMullen, a son.

OSBORNE—Toronto, May 14, 1907, the wife of J. Ewart Osborne, a daughter.

MCLEAN—Collingwood, May 12, 1907, the wife of Godfrey E. McLean, a son.

MARLOW—Toronto, May 8, 1907, to Dr. and Mrs. Frederick William Marlow, a daughter.

VAN HOOGENHOUCK TULLEKEN—At The Hague, Holland, May 6, 1907, to Sir John and Lady van Hoogenhouck Tulleken, a son.

### MARRIAGES.

MALONE-SANKEY—At Macleod, Alberta, May 9, 1907, Mildred Villiers, daughter of the late Major Villiers Sankey of Toronto, to Willard Park Malone of Macleod, Alta.

GOLDMAN-ANSLEY—In New York City, Saturday May 11, 1907, C. E. A. Goldman to Celina Kingan Ansley.

LEWIN-HILL—Toronto, May 11, 1907, Douglas Lewin to Gladys Ethel Ladd.

GREENHILL-SEARS—At Calgary, April 30, 1907, John Alexander Greenhill, of Revelstoke, B.C., to



## Bell Pianos for June Brides

After the "Wedding Bells" a queenly gift for the bride would be an art piano bearing the name

## "BELL"

There is that about the **BELL** Piano that has given it a unique position among musical instruments—it is revered and loved by those who know it best. Hundreds of the most highly cultured families in this country have given their preference to the **BELL** because they realize that it has a tonal beauty and individuality that never cease to charm. There is about the **BELL** Piano a glorious liquid purity of tone that, once having heard it, most people who can afford it will be satisfied with no other.

**BELL** Pianos are made, guaranteed and built to last a lifetime by the largest makers under the British flag. Send for catalogue.

YOU SHOULD NOT FAIL TO EXAMINE THE **BELL** AUTONOMA. IT IS A MAGNIFICENT AID TO THE NON-PLAYER. WITH IT ANYONE CAN PLAY THE PIANO.

**Bell Piano**  
WAREROOMS  
146 YONGE ST.



## Keith's Konqueror

—\$5.00

A dressy shoe for the man who wishes to be well dressed.

A dressy high shoe in patent and gun metal leathers, also patent Oxford, St. Regis last, wide ball swinging round to medium narrow toe—half military heel, Blucher style.

A shoe always in good form

## THE EMMETT SHOE STORE

119 Yonge Street

Phone M 4695

Mail orders leave promptly

Edith Blanche Sears, of Welland, Ont.

### DEATHS.

PARKER—Toronto, May 9, 1907, George Parker, in his 73rd year.

BLAIR—Umlazi Mission, Natal, South Africa, April 10, 1907, John Andrew Blair.

NELLES—Toronto, May 14, 1907, Frederick E. Nelles.

HENDERSON—Toronto, May 14, 1907, David Henderson.

EARL—Toronto, May 13, 1907, Mary H. Earl.

## "SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boilers

If you have never lived in a house that was comfortably and economically heated, it is evident you have had no experience with the "SOVEREIGN."

10% As a successful design of hot water boiler, the "SOVEREIGN" adds ten to fifteen per cent. to the selling value of any house in which it is installed.

Benefits not to be forgot:  
Warm air furnaces discharge dust and gas through the house—to spoil the furniture and carpets, and irritate the lungs. ¶ The warm air system never heats the house evenly. The rooms on "the exposed side" cannot be kept warm. ¶ At the end of the season the warm air furnace has saved nothing on your coal bill. ¶ The "Sovereign" is dustless and gasless. ¶ It warms every part of the house uniformly. ¶ It excels all other hot water boilers in several features enumerated in the booklet, "Simplified Heating." ¶ Write for it.

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### WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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## FOR SALE-- AUTOMOBILE

High class, four cylinder, English car, suitable for five passengers, 16-20 h. p., used only a short time.

May be seen at the ware-rooms of  
The Automobile and Supply Company, Ltd.

22-26 Temperance St., Toronto.

MAY 18, 1907.

1854

The

1854

**Home Bank of Canada****DIVIDEND No. 3**

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of **SIX** per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the half-year ending 31st of May, 1907, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches, on and after Saturday, the 1st day of June next. The Transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

TORONTO, 24th April, 1907.

JAMES MASON,  
General Manager.**The Gas Range of Highest Efficiency.**

If you have already realized the economy and comfort of cooking by gas we know that the exclusive features of the Oxford Gas Range will appeal to you.

—Its economy of gas.

—Its ease and comfort in operation.

—The heat given out—gives in baking, broiling and roasting—all the results of the special features we have introduced into this range.

The Oxford Gas Range is made of heavy-gauge, cold rolled steel throughout—won't crack, warp or leak.

The oven is a most excellent baker.

Ventilated so all the fumes of the cooking

are drawn off. Lined throughout with asbestos, which keeps the heat your gas generates stays in the oven instead of leaking into the kitchen.

All the burners are in two pieces, and may be removed for cleaning without the aid of tools. Each stove is equipped with gas pipe.

The oven door, which drops down and forms a firm, solid shelf, is operated by self-closing spring hinges and a special catch, so it may be left ajar.

The new Oxford Adjustable Gas Valve is one of the most big things on this splendid range. It regulates the pressure of gas so that none is wasted when the pressure is too strong, and even when it's too low you get plenty of flame.

This excellent range costs less than most ranges—**\$18** and **\$20** according to finish.

We also have this range for the use of natural gas, the most successful range ever produced for this purpose.

See this Range to-day.

**OXFORD GAS RANGE**

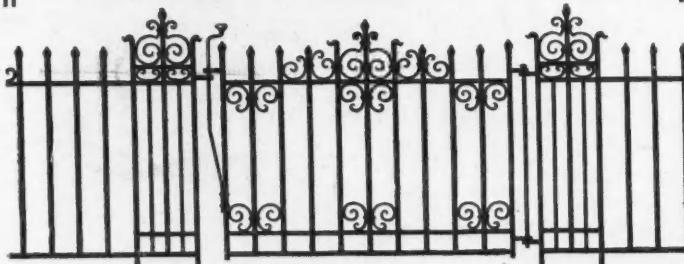
PRICE, \$18.

231 Yonge St.  
287 College St.  
569 Queen St. W.**CANADIAN ORNAMENTAL IRON CO.**

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Telephone Main 4582 and our representative will call with designs and prices.

**Rex Chocolates**

WHEN buying a box of chocolates for a gift, remember the daintiest and best of confections are

**"R E X"**Made by  
GILPIN-MOFFATT CO.  
TORONTO**What a Boy Does**

With his time is unimportant as long as he is healthfully employed. Part of a boy's spare time can profitably be given to forming helpful acquaintances and acquiring a knowledge of the elements of business. Many boys educate themselves or help their finances by pushing the circulation of a live journal like

**Toronto Saturday Night**  
It offers a good field to an active, enterprising and polite boy in any town in Canada. We have still some vacancies on our staff of agents, especially in the new provinces out west. Boys who can furnish recommendations preferred.

Write or call on Circulation Manager.

**TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT**  
26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto

**TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.**

19

**Society at the Capital**

IS EXCELLENCY LORD GREY, accompanied by his niece, Miss Lyttleton, who had been staying at Government House for some months, left on Thursday afternoon, by special car, for Montreal, and on the following day sailed by the Virginian for England. His Excellency's visit in the motherland will be very brief, as he expects to return to Canada early in June and will be accompanied on the return trip by his eldest daughter, Lady Sybil Grey, and the three little children of the late Lady Victoria Grenfell. Lady Evelyn left on the same afternoon for Washington, where she will spend a month at the British Embassy with Hon. James and Mrs. Bryce.

The Virginian also carried among her passengers Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance; Mrs. and the Misses Zillah and Edith Fielding, as well as Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture. Nearly every week adds to the already large number of Ottawans in England, and on the continent, and among those who have recently sailed or contemplate doing so in the near future are Mrs. Douglas, who with her son, Mr. Townley Douglas, and her sister, Miss Carrie Hill, sailed last Saturday and will remain abroad for the summer months; Mrs. John Coates, who sails at the end of the month to join Mr. Coates and their two daughters who are now in London; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Newcombe who will also sail this month; Judge and Mrs. McTavish, who, with Mrs. McTavish's sister, Miss Bella Stewart, expect to leave on the 18th for Scotland. Mrs. Fred Carling will sail on the 15th to join her daughter, Miss Gladys Carling, who has been travelling abroad for some time with Miss May Loucks, and Dr. and Mrs. Thos. Gibson will leave early in July to spend some time in England and Scotland.

**GARMENTS FOR OUTDOOR LIFE IN CANADA**

Spring time—glad time—when we can lead the joyous outdoor life which makes Canada the greatest summer country in the world.

The athletic type of figure adopted by the Semi-ready designers a year ago is now the vogue in England. The lightweight worsteds are shown in double-breasted, single-breasted, and in two-piece sack suits at \$15, \$20 and \$25.

Riding Breeches at \$9 and \$10—made of finest English whipcord.

Send to any one of the two Semi-ready stores, 81 Yonge street, or 472 Queen street west, for a copy of the booklet, "Dress and Address." It's worth the cost of a post card just to learn what a London society lady thinks of men's dress.

**BULLOCH, LADE & CO. LTD.****Gold Label****SCOTCH WHISKY**

Quality --- and quality only --- has been the means by which this famous brand has attained its present high position in the Canadian market.

For sale by all leading wine merchants

JOHN HOPE &amp; CO., Agents for Canada, Montreal

ing guests sat down to a table, 5.20 P.M., C.P.R. FOR NEW YORK.

bright and lovely with quantities of exquisite deep red roses: Sir James and Lady Grant, Hon. Wm. and Mrs. Templeman, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ewart, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Macleman, Miss Mary Scott and Captain Foulkes.

THE CHAPERONE.

But would you make a voiceless solitude of our best society?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tom—Mamma, let's move. Mamma—What for, dear? Tom—Oh, I've licked every kid in the block, an' there's no more fun here.—Chicago Daily News.

One of the bright events of the earlier part of the week was a dinner given on Monday by Mr. Justice and Mrs. Duff at which the follow-

"A large number of people keep on talking when they have ceased thinking," says the Baltimore American.



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## Marriage and Fishing

By PIERRE FROICHEDE

R. T. P. O'CONNOR, the noted London editor, who is famous for his pen portraits of men in the public eye, gives his impressions of the Premiers with whom he came in contact during the opening week of the Colonial Conference. He says:

General Botha looks rather than soldier, and, of course, as everybody knows he was a soldier before he became a soldier, and remains a soldier to this day more than anything else. Some people said to me that he looked to them the typical and ideal Dutchman, such an one as you would find in one of the famous Dutch paintings, and possibly that is a true description. In spite of his height, he does suggest that squatness, that equality of breadth and length which is the characteristic of the Dutch figure; and the squarish face is also Dutch, and, above all, the curiously tranquil and phlegmatic expression which belongs to those of Dutch blood, wherever they may be. I am told that when he was in London before he was slimmer: he had still the scars and sorrows of the battle field upon him. Now he inclines to the stoutness of the *bon bourgeois* who has relapsed into the comforts of private life. But nobody who looked on the strong, stern, and genial face, could doubt that this man is a born soldier. The little, dark moustache, the small, dark imperial, also lend a certain foreignness of air to the face; in short, General Botha looks what he is—the man of Dutch blood, of heroic and stern courage, and at the same time of that genial and gay humor which is as characteristic of Dutch blood as their stern and tenacious powers of resisting what they consider wrong. He is level-headed above all things, and I am sure will make a very able, cool-headed, just, and conciliatory ruler.

It was not far from General Botha that I saw again my old friend, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He was not alone, not even for a moment; he has too many old friends and acquaintances in London. And once you had seen his remarkable face you could never have any difficulty in recognizing him again, even at a quarter of a mile off. As I recently remarked in describing his personal appearance, the best description I ever heard of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was that of Mr. Ross, till recently Prime Minister of the Province of Ontario. "Sir Wilfrid Laurier," said this rugged old Scotchman, "is a picture gallery all by himself." And certainly the face and figure of the Prime Minister of Canada is strikingly picturesque. Imagine a man with one of those perfect, but narrow, ovals, which are so representatively French, especially the French of the eighteenth century. Imagine, to suggest an example, the face of Voltaire, with a genial smile instead of the mocking sneer. Imagine also a tall, slight, willowy figure, typically French, for the Frenchman has strength without bulk, often muscles of steel underneath that spare frame of his. Imagine also the aureole of thin, white hair, and you have some idea of what Sir Wilfrid Laurier looks like. The rosy-tinted skin, so different from its pallor when he was here some years ago, shows that the illustrious ruler of Canada for these long series of years is in better health than he was during his last visit, and that he retains, in his sixty-sixth year, much of the fresh robustness of youth.

I was able to have but a few hurried words with Sir Wilfrid. I was struck again by that curious and pleasant mixture of accents and enunciation which shows his French origin and his British environment and career. There is a rounder, fuller, clearer enunciation than one finds in the full-blooded Englishman. The Englishman closes his lips too much sometimes in speaking for perfect enunciation; the Frenchman, perhaps owing to the character of his language, opens his lips without fear, and this gives a sort of oratorical roundness—if I may use the phrase—to his utterance which makes it much easier to hear and understand. It was characteristic of Sir Wilfrid's loyalty to his country that he did not turn up at the brilliant dinner given by the Eighty Club, till he had first been present at a concert where a Canadian artist had to make his appearance. The speeches of Sir. Wilfrid Laurier always have a certain glow and infectious ardor about them which bring an audience to its feet; it is the heritage of the literary race from which he springs.



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